THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

APRIL 1918

Poetry — Lt. Ford Madox Hueffer; Cpl. Stephen Southwold; Edna C. Millard; Lad-Lt. Theo van Rees; C. V. Bradford; Ismay Gonne; Albert Bolero

A Soldier's Philosophy — Lt.-Col. J. E. C. Craster

Herbias — Bart Kennedy

The Feminist Movement — Douglas Jerrold

Mr. Potter and the Unseen — J. Macnaghty

Education and the Public Schools — Sir Francis Vane, Bart.

Musical Notes — Edwin Evans

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The Milky Way — Hon. Sec.-Lt. R. H. Tetley

Will there be an Offensive? — Major Stuart-Bentley

A Peg into History — Bernard Gilbert

"For the Duration" — Austin Harrison

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Essay
on
League of Nations

* * *

The Jury consists of

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LORD PARMOOR
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H. G. WELLS
PROFESSOR C. W. C. OMAN

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For Particulars see page 700

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APRIL, 1918

One Last Prayer

By Lt. Ford Madox Hueffer

I

LET me wait, my dear:
One more day:
Let me linger near,
Let me stay.
Do not bar the gate
Or draw the blind
Or lock the door that yields,
Dear. . . . Be kind.

II

I have only you beneath the skies
To rest my eyes
From the cruel green of the fields
And the cold white seas
And the weary hills
And the naked trees.
I have known the hundred ills
Of the hated wars. . . .
Do not close the blind
Or draw the bars.
I have only you beneath the stars.
Dear, be kind!

The Fiddle in the Cellar

To V. C. W.

By Cpl. S. Southwold

The fiddle sings . . .
And out in the darkness stir
Ghosts of forgotten things.
And from their sepulchre
Resurgent break
Fancy and faërie to fashion out
And make
Of all things as they are,
Atom and star,
Of reason and cool truth,
An insubstantial and frail fantasy
Of airy shapes that hover
About the thoughts of youth.

So that I may,
As children do, adream,
Thread fairy flowers, and lace
The horns of the moon
With netted wizardry;
And uncover
Each track and trace
Of elvish feet that dance
Round the lidded flowers
Of the spelled night-hours;
And with one haunted tune
Shatter and rout
The engulfing stream
Of legioned circumstance.

And all these difficult days
Of unhoped morns, and nights
Of disenchanted dreams;

THE FIDDLE IN THE CELLAR

The blind hands lifting up
The savourless cup
Of the tasked hours;
This bicker of motes, this coil
Of dust that slaughters dust,
This filth of the day, and foil
Of the starred night-sky;
Pain that runs like a river
Brimmed of intolerable flowers;
Hunger and death;
Dissolve and merge
As star-dripped lights
That quiver
In shadow-peopled streams. . . .

And through the surge
Of the melody upthrust
Triumphant echoeth,
In passionate praise,
The chant of things that die.

Wind-Flowers

By Edith E. Millard

WHAT cloistered convent in a land of dreams
  Flung wide its portals white?
What magic ferry-boats, adown moonbeams,
  Sped swiftly through the night?

Why chose the nuns for their brief penitence
  This quiet wood? What bell,
Alas! too soon will chime to call them hence?—
  Perhaps the Wind could tell.

For he awakens them when, gold and grey,
  Dawn's banners are unfurled,
To listen to his tales and secrets fey,
  Gleaned through the whole wide world.

At noon he woos, at even lulls to sleep
  With croonéd melody
These star-faced, shy Anemones, who keep
  His secrets faithfully.

O fairy Wind-flowers, rest you in this glade!
  For when we mortals try
To prison you with clumsy hands, you fade,
  And, broken-hearted, die.

Mother-Love

By 2nd-Lieut. Theo van Beek

Child of a nightmare born,
  Whose wild eyes mirrored deep
The pain of a spirit torn
  And a fear that would not sleep—

Child that I longed to take
  When night was tense and still
Within these hands to break,
  To break and kill—

O child that died in the night
  With a sob as tho' to say,
"You were never mine by right;
  I will take my burden away"—

Let me hold you now to my breast;
  Let me croon to you, little one;
O come, come out of the West
  Like a song, like a warmth of the sun!

And I'll love not the God who forsook me
  In the hell of a blood-red day,
But the mad, big beast who took me
  And left me and rode away.

After Reading Descartes

By F. V. Branford

"Were I but buried in the boundless deep
Of these tremendous arches, that arraign
The brindled fury of a Universe
Of thundered joy and surges of slow pain
Before the changeless soul! There is no sleep,
No waking, dream, nor any fitful curse
In these cold courts. Beyond the brazen doors
The tumult of ancestral chaos pours."

Standing amid his monuments aghast,
Diminished man his meagre arm upthrows,
Erect and waiting on the crash of doom.

The air is black with banners. Round her tomb,
Mouldering to ancient dust, a soaring blast,
England arisen, bared for the battle, blows.

Aug., 1914.

The Shadow of Noon

By Iseult Gonne

I THOUGHT this book in my hand
When walking by the water
On the sun-delighted strand,
This grey pictureless book,
This book of weighty thought,
This so elaborate book
That some slow mind has wrought,
A strangely useless thing.

The hours of noon are done,
My shadow is twice my length
This violet afternoon
As I in my indolence
Tread on the delighted strand.
And yet when all is said,
The beauty of the place
Seems like the words I read,
A strangely useless thing.

But even the sun-flecked blue
And this elaborate book
Have got a work to do:
Not to be out of place,
To be eager, solemn and gay,
Solemn to run their race.
I neither rule nor obey
A strangely useless thing.

Gallipoli

April, 1915—1918

By Albert Buhrer

ALONE I stood upon an Orient shore,
  Where met in tryst all omens of despair,
Strange, subtle poisons fouled the midnight air,
  Dark waters at the reefy coral tore:
While to the shattered trees the tempest swore:—
  No living thing in this vast sepulchre,
Save the sly reptile in its hideous lair,
  Or hooded vulture red with carrion-gore.

Then, in my dream, out from a galleon's hold,
  Blazed by the sun, in glory's proud attire,
I saw a host of god-like men aspire
  To dominate this savage land and cold;
I knew they perished in the fatal mire,
  Yet saw their shadow enter gates of gold.

A Soldier's Philosophy

By Lt.-Col. J. E. E. Craster

When the armies come home they will shock the stay-at-home Englander. The fighting men have been shocked so thoroughly, and continuously, that they cannot be shocked any more by the naked facts of life, and they have forgotten that there are others who may still be shocked.

Before the war we were too easily shocked. Our humanity was a hysterical affair at the disposal of anyone who could shock us with lurid details. We lost our heads and our tempers over any highly-coloured cause. We were too impatient to sift evidence or probe deeply. For men who have lost their tempers and heads are incapable of impartial judgment. We were more to be honoured for our hearts than our nerves.

The war has not hardened our hearts, but it has braced our nerves. We are juster judges, but not less humane. We have looked into the depths of human infamy and seen the heights of human courage and self-sacrifice. We are men.

Much of our social legislation is based on the false assumption that wealth means happiness; yet it is wrong to be too happy. Or, to put it more plainly, we denounce the rich for their wealth, and pity the poor for their lack of it. To be rich is a crime, to be poor is a misfortune. If a man would be happy and virtuous, he must be suspended half-way between riches and poverty—in a state of unstable equilibrium, which may be upset at any moment by a change in his bank balance. A few thousand pounds more or less will raise him to the rank of a criminal or cast him down into the crowd of unfortunates.

This stupid theory that wealth brings happiness is the cause of most of the ills that afflict society. It makes the struggle for life very hard and pitiless, because the struggle

for life is mixed up with the struggle for wealth. Men who entered the fight to gain a tolerable living, fight on long after they have attained their original object, because they assume that wealth brings happiness. And all this stupidity arises because men do not think; they waste their lives for want of a little clear thinking.

Yet the Churches tell us that the root of all misery is sin. If any intolerable misery cannot be attributed to any known sin, they invent a new sin to account for it. I read an article in the *Times* the other day, which tried to prove that a belief in the survival of the fittest was a sin—a sin responsible for all the misery in our big cities.

Misery springs, in fact, from two main roots. One is ignorance; the other, a failure to think—honestly and clearly.

But if the Churches want a new sin, here is one for them—"to doubt the efficiency of the police."

The Churches could employ their time much better than in inventing new sins. If they would but denounce ignorance as the root of all other sins—ignorance of life and all that it means, all that it might mean; ignorance of self; ignorance of human nature—if they would teach us that honest, rigorous self-analysis must be the foundation of all virtue, then the Churches would lead the way in the reformation of the world.

When a priest places himself as an intermediary between God and man, when he sets up as a purveyor of a ready-made religion, he does infinite harm. A ready-made religion is no religion at all; it is nothing more than a convention. Each man must forge his own religion, using the hammer of his mind and the anvil of his experience. The priest can do no more than teach him to use the hammer and anvil. To every man his own religion. And so there must be innumerable religions. Some will strongly resemble others, but no two will be identical.

True religion must be a very private, personal affair. Public prayer and worship have never helped the cause of true religion. They merely serve to strengthen the shackles of convention.

In the early days, when Christianity was struggling for its existence amongst a crowd of rival religions, it won its

way by adopting what was best in the creeds of its competitors. It absorbed rather than drove out the other religions. It changed constantly to suit the needs of the people.

But when its last rival had disappeared, Christianity changed no more. It ceased to adapt itself to the changing needs of the world; it demanded instead that the world should adapt its needs to the Christian teaching. The priests of the Christian Church became masters rather than teachers; they grew proud and haughty. They relied on compulsion where before they had used persuasion.

The worst priest is the one who descends from the pulpit to help the police.

It is strange that many of the great financial swindlers have been noted for their religious fervour. It is easy to dismiss them as hypocrites, yet they were probably genuine, in so far as such men can be genuine at all. They were "on the make," in religion as in everything else. They were competing for the rewards which the church or chapel offered. They believed themselves to be laying up treasure where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. There must be something wrong with a church or chapel in which such men can find their spiritual home.

Our laws and morals were designed for the protection of the average man. Some of our more recent laws are even designed to favour those who are below the average at the expense of those who are above it. I wonder whether it would not be possible to frame a code of laws and morals which would favour the best man at the expense of the worst. If we could do that, we should speed up the progress of mankind.

At present there is a whole field of meanness and uncharitableness which our laws and morals leave untouched. Yet there is no hope of change until there is a general desire for change. We must improve our ideals before we can improve our laws.

We need a race of prophets who shall do nothing but prophesy. They should be men of wide experience and knowledge combined with vivid imagination. All State

secrets and private documents should be at their disposal. They should be allowed to publish their prophecies without restraint. It would be their duty to tell us whither we are going. They must be beyond the reach of the politicians; in fact, they should be as safe and incorruptible as the judges. There must be no rewards for prophesying smooth things, or punishments for publishing unpalatable truths.

The prophets must be students of change. Their fingers must always be on the pulse of the nation; ready to give us warning of the approach of disease, to reprove us for our way of living and thinking.

We have suffered much from our lack of foresight; we have lost much because it has been no one's business to foretell the future.

For a long time England's foreign policy was a gigantic bluff. She was always ready to promise what she could not perform. Lavish of words, sparing of deeds. Flourishing the sword, but fighting with the pen. Where are all the little nations which trusted England? Where are Belgium, Serbia, Rumania?

We are fighting a system in which organised hatred plays a leading part. But if we combat hate with hate, we shall sink to the level of our enemies. Our strength, our hope of ultimate victory lies in the fact that our men do not hate the Germans. They are totally indifferent to them. And it is this indifference which the German finds so galling. He would like to be admired and feared, or at least hated.

The foundation of hatred is fear. No man can honestly hate what he does not fear. And when the Germans taught their men to hate us, they inevitably taught them to fear us also.

It was fear of the Belgian civilians and women which led to the German atrocities in Belgium. The Germans have themselves acknowledged it.

This war is ultimately a conflict of ideas. In fact, the actual battles are only by-play, which helps on the main action of the drama. High explosive is no argument; it convinces nobody.

If our ideas conquer and drive out the German ideas, we shall have won the war, apart from any victories on land or sea. But if we adopt the German ideas we shall have lost the war, even though we crush Germany.

We are so hard on vagabonds that we have almost exterminated the race. Yet many vagabonds get more happiness out of life than we have ever attained to. Vagabonds are pioneers, adventurous experimenters in the art of living. If we eliminate all experiments in art, the art dies. Before the war the art of living was almost dead.

We are so unimaginative, so sure of our own methods, that if we find a man who from choice lives a life different from our own, we pity him. Yet we never guess that we ourselves are to be pitied; that life might be a much bigger, finer thing than we have ever dreamt of.

Every man should be a soldier for some of his life, but no man should be a soldier all his life. In fact, no man should devote his whole life to one business or profession. For every business becomes a routine after a time, and routine is the deadly enemy of all that is best in life. It kills the interest and joy in living. It produces a stagnation of the mind. The war has snatched many men away from the routine which was deadening their lives.

Nowadays, democracy is lauded to the skies as the cure for all human ills. But a democratic government is no better, cannot be any better, than the average voter who elects it. In fact, it requires a higher general standard of honesty and intelligence than any other form of government. The democratic voter must not be merely passively honest; but he must be inspired with an active hatred of all political tricks. He must be fitted with the fanatical sort of honesty that hangs political wire-pullers from lamp-posts. And in order that he may select the right culprits he must be educated in democratic government; he must be shown the pitfalls that lie in the path of democracy, and must learn about the various diseases that afflict it. Unless he does this, he will be at the mercy of the political wire-pullers.

If the electors are ignorant, dishonest, or indifferent,

a democracy is the feeblest and most corruptible form of government.

If God is omnipotent, then He is responsible for all the abominations and cruelties of the war. In other words, an omnipotent God must be a callous and cruel monster. And because civilised men cannot believe in a callous, cruel God, they are beginning to look for a God who is good but not omnipotent.

Mr. H. G. Wells, who represents more accurately than any other writer the thoughts of the men of this generation, has written three books about the search for a God whom the modern man can believe in. Most of his readers probably agree with his negative statements; it is comparatively easy to say what God is not. It is when he tries to define what God is that the difficulties begin. His description of God, in fact, conjures up a picture of a hustling, bustling social reformer. Most of us want a finer, bigger God than that.

There are two gifts which we possess that are of Divine origin: the capacity for love and the sense of beauty. Both these gifts are distinguished from all others because they are of no material benefit to us. Love which leads to self-sacrifice is, from a material point of view, a disastrous gift for the recipient. And beauty—of what value is beauty in a drab, materialistic world?

But these two gifts, partly because they are of no material value to the individual, but chiefly because they fill us with a heavenly ecstasy, must be divine. We feel in our very bones that love and beauty are essential attributes of the true God.

Sometimes when we gaze at a glorious sunset we seem to be looking across the very threshold of God's abode. It seems as if God Himself might be revealed at any moment. The radiant beauty makes our hearts beat faster with anticipation. At moments such as these, who can possibly doubt that God is the God of beauty?

The secret of life will only be discovered when man has attained to his utmost perfection. It will be the last mystery which the human race will solve. Till then death

will remove generation after generation of imperfect types, to make room for others which are more perfect.

A God who has everything, and needs nothing, can hardly be loved. For how can we love where we cannot give?

The God who satisfied my father is not enough for me, and the God who satisfies me will not satisfy my children. God is changing, growing.

I do not think that any man can forgive a sin, wholeheartedly and ungrudgingly, unless he also at some previous time has committed the sin himself. Only then can he realise the temptation.

The men who are most unforgiving are those who have never been tempted. There are many men who are impervious to whole classes of temptation, but they are not necessarily the finest or noblest characters. An unblemished record gives a man too good a conceit of himself. It puts him off his guard, and makes him a little careless. It leads him to assume in the end that anything is right because he does it. He ceases to criticise his own conduct.

There is only one object worth pursuing: to love and to be loved. Only this can bring a man peace and happiness. Fame, wealth, worldly honours are not worth an hour of peace or happiness. They should be but accidental things that a man gathers by the way, and drops as light-heartedly as he gathers them.

Nearly every man falls in love with an ideal woman, who exists only in his imagination. When he afterwards meets a woman who fascinates him by her charm and beauty, he assumes that she is his ideal. He forces her, quite brutally, into the mould that his imagination has prepared for her. He argues thus: "I am in love with an ideal; I am also in love with this woman. Therefore this woman must correspond with my ideal." And so he makes demands on her which she cannot satisfy, and treats as frivolous things which are vital to her.

But if only he will take the trouble to understand the living woman, he will find her far more lovable in her

weakness, far more glorious in her strength, than any ideal which his imagination is able to produce.

And the more he understands her, the better will he love her. Not for anything she says or does, not for any accomplishments she may have, but simply for herself. Until at last his love for her will be so great and strong that even she cannot diminish it. It will give all and ask nothing. His love will become divine. A man's love for a woman should set her free; help her to expand and develop; help her to fulfil her destiny.

It is difficult to judge impartially between the claims of the State and the claims of the Individual. Yet some of the most important issues of the future depend upon a just decision of their conflicting claims.

If we regard the State as only an agglomeration of individuals, who are held together more by outside pressure than internal ties; if we remember that the progress of the State rests ultimately upon the progress of the individuals who compose it, we shall judge fairly. But if we exalt the State above the individual, the State will grow to be a terrible Moloch, a bloodthirsty idol, to whom we must sacrifice our children.

The State exists to preserve justice between individuals, and to protect them from the aggression of other States. These are the State's legitimate duties. But when it becomes aggressive, an offensive weapon for the discomfiture of other States, it has passed beyond its legitimate *rôle*, and is but a nuisance and a danger to the world at large, and to its own nation in particular.

If all men were perfect, the State would disappear; there would be no reason or excuse for its further existence. The State, in fact, has its origin in the imperfection of mankind. It is a stick for a lame man to lean upon. But sometimes the lame man, forgetting the purpose of his stick, uses it to assault his neighbours. The progress of man is not to be attained by giving him a stouter and more formidable stick, but by curing his lameness and taking away his stick. In fact, man's progress depends upon the perfecting of the individual, not upon the perfecting of the State.

A SOLDIER'S PHILOSOPHY

The progress of mankind is due to abnormal men and women, men and women who initiate changes. The normal, conventional units in society merely preserve its stability; they are ballast, dead-weight—nothing more. All the motive power is supplied by the abnormal men and women.

Yet we discourage by every insidious means any man who differs from the normal. We treat him as an "outcast" and a pariah. It is the normal and mediocre that we desire and applaud.

We are hampered and weighed down by a heavy burden of old traditions and conventions. The past is a millstone hung round the neck of the present. If we could but start afresh as a people without a past!

To discover the truth we must think simply. The truth is always simple. It is only false theories that require complicated mechanism to support them.

Before the war the politician had so degraded politics that a decent man could hardly take part in the game. The politician, like a dishonest innkeeper, did not hesitate to serve out poison so long as it tickled the palates of his clients.

So far the dishonest politician has gone scot free. No method has yet been devised for bringing him to the dock, the prison, and the gallows. Yet he is the most dangerous criminal at large. A murderer destroys at most one or two individuals; the political criminal works on a far grander scale; he debauches and destroys whole nations.

Haskins

By Bart Kennedy

He was a man who liked using his muscles. It gave him joy to feel that he could more than hold his own with his mates in the matter of working. And when he saw the boss looking at him he worked harder than ever. It was a good thing to keep in with the boss, he felt. It was a good thing to feel that he, the boss, thought a great deal of him as a shoveller!

That the boss thought a great deal of him was plain, for on the second day of his working here on the job he called him over to him and made a proposition to the effect that he would pay him a halfpenny more an hour if he set the pace for the other navvies. He warned him, however, to say nothing about it to them.

The chest of Haskins swelled with pride when this proposition was made to him. A halfpenny an hour more than the other navvies! Why, that would mean that he would get sixpence an hour, for all that the others got was fivepence-halfpenny! He had almost the feeling that a soldier would have on getting the Victoria Cross for valour in the field. And he felt it hard that he could not proclaim it aloud to his mates that he was getting more an hour than they were. But the boss had been emphatic about his saying nothing about it.

The work that was being done on this job was amongst the hardest kind of navvying work. One had to keep bending one's back through the whole of the time. Sewer-pipes were being laid, and just at this place it was a case of digging down through clay and then through gravel to a depth of some twelve feet. The men worked in a line—in Indian file, as it were—and the harder a man worked, the lower he got down. It was therefore easy for the boss to see who was doing the most work.

It was customary amongst the navvies to work to a kind

of pace arranged, perhaps subconsciously, amongst themselves. Though not expressed in so many words, it was understood between them that a man was not to work too hard. There was a certain normal pace that could be kept up through the working day of ten hours without causing too much fatigue. Naturally, the pace that could be kept up through a day of, say, eight hours would be faster than the one kept up through a day of ten hours. And then the physical differences in the navvies themselves was a factor that also operated in the setting of the pace. There were men who were faster and stronger than other men. These were in the habit of not exerting their full speed and strength. And so it was that a pace was maintained that could be kept up by all—if they were of normal strength and habituated to the work. And this general pace of working was, oddly enough, different on different jobs. How it came actually to be set was mysterious, not to be quite explained. It was a thing of the mind.

This setting of a pace by the men themselves was a thing that some bosses fought against. Their desire was to drive the men as hard as they could. And one of the ways of doing this was getting a man to set the pace.

As suggested, Haskins was a quick and powerful worker. And there was another thing about him, too. He had a strong sense of himself as an individual. He was also highly emulative. He was by temperament unable to grasp easily the general point of view of his mates. He could not understand why he should work slowly because other men were not so fast as he was. He liked working hard; and he liked showing that he was a quicker worker than anyone else. And he liked to please the boss. It thrilled him and stimulated him when the approving glance of the eye of the boss rested upon him. It may have been that in some other incarnation Haskins had been a boss himself, for he identified himself strongly with the wishes of bosses and what he conceived to be their interests.

The man who was working next him in the digging of the excavation had it in him to be as quick and as powerful a worker as he, Haskins, was. But his point of view was altogether different. In the first place, he was in no way fascinated with being a navvy at all. He would like to have got his food by some easier and more graceful method

of toil. And he was not particularly emulative—at least, as far as navvying was concerned. The approving glance of a boss left him cold and unthrilled. He was at once intelligent and aggressive, and a firm believer in the taking of things as easy as possible.

"You wants to get a medal, I s'pose?" he remarked to Haskins, who was working away like a demon.

Haskins did not say anything. He had been up against remarks of this nature before, and he had found that the best way of dealing with them was to take no notice. Though a powerful man, be was not by nature aggressive, and he did not take kindly to the gentle art of fighting. Besides, he was too busy to think of anything but his work. This digging with his spade as hard as he could delighted him. He liked to feel the gravel giving way. He liked the effort of pitching it up on to the bank above. His whole being exulted in the work. And also he was showing this man alongside him that he was a better shoveller than he was. He had dug his section deeper down!

"'Ow much will you be able to get on yer medal?" remarked the man again. "Ye're a good 'un, I don't think, a-workin' like that. Chuck it. Go heasy."

There was, if one might so put it, a touch of steel in the voice of the navvy as he made the remark. It pierced into the innermost recesses of the feelings of Haskins. He had heard this kind of tone before, and he knew that it occasionally led up to the rudeness of physical assault. For he had got into trouble fairly often through his habit of rushing on jobs. Though he was invariably a favourite with the boss, his mates gave him the cold and jaundiced eye. Navvies were as human as most other people who work. They did not like to do too much for the money they received. They believed in toiling as easily as they could. And it is hardly necessary to say that there was but little enthusiasm in their regard for a man such as Haskins.

For a moment he slackened speed and looked out of the corner of his eye at the man who was working alongside him. The result of his gaze conveyed but little comfort to his soul. He saw a hard, truculent face that carried the impression that its owner was a person who enjoyed fighting as much as he, Haskins, enjoyed work. He felt slightly nervous.

But in a moment or so this nervousness passed off. The lust for hard work was too strong upon him. And he was back again at his furious pace.

"Look 'ere, you —— swine!" growled the navvy. "Chuck it! Go heasy, I tell you. What are you tryin' to do? Are you tryin' to run me off the job?"

At this moment the boss appeared on the bank, and he gazed down upon Haskins with a loving and admiring gaze. And Haskins caught that gaze. It was to him as the sweetest and most soothing balm. It comforted him and made him forget the rude name that the man alongside had bestowed upon him. If possible, he shovelled harder than ever. What did he care what anyone said as long as he pleased the boss? What did it matter what names he was called? The boss, after all, was the person to please. It was true enough that he might get into trouble for working hard. But if he were careful, there was a way to avoid that. He could keep away from the pub near the works. For when the beer flowed fighting was in the air.

"I say!" called down the boss from the bank. "I say, what are you doin' on down there? Are you asleep? Why don't you keep up?"

He was addressing the man alongside Haskins. And the man growled under his breath. For a moment he was on the point of throwing down his shovel. But he didn't. Work was slack, and a job was hard to find. So he had to mend his pace. There was nothing else for it. He would have to keep up with the man who was "running" him. He felt murderous towards him. He looked upon him as a traitor, for no man could keep up the pace he was setting all day.

An idea was now aflame in the mind of Haskins. He would "run" the man alongside him off the job! In that way he would get even for the name he had called him. He would show the boss that he was no good—that he, Haskins, was worth ten of him! He would fight him in his own way—fight him with work!

The man knew what he was up to. He knew what was in the mind of Haskins. And there came up in him an impulse to strike him with his shovel. But if he did this he would be sacked, and, like as not, be locked up into the bargain. There was no help for it. He would have to

keep the pace with Haskins. He did not want to leave now, for he had only started the day but one before. So he set to work as hard as he could. He determined to keep up with the man who was "running" him.

And, after a bit, there began to come to him the spirit of emulation. His usual point of view left him:—that it was foolish to work too hard! The feeling came to him that he could beat Haskins at his own game. He would "run" *him* off the job. It would be a good thing to do! It would be a good thing to show him that he wasn't the best navvy going. The idea that in doing this he was playing the game of the boss would, in the ordinary way, have occurred to him. But it did not occur to him now. He was burning with the desire to beat Haskins.

The two navvies were working like madmen. And the boss, seeing this, went off. He was congratulating himself and giving himself large mental pats on the back. His ruse had worked. The halfpenny an hour extra that he was paying Haskins for "running" the others would come back a hundred-fold. The job would be put through quickly, and upon him would fall much honour and glory. The contractor would be pleased, and all would be well!

The pace set up by these two men in time, of course, transmitted itself, as near as it could be transmitted, to the other navvies. All of them worked away at a surprising rate.

After an hour or so, however, the pace began to tell. One man who had only started that morning, and who had had no breakfast, suddenly slackened his speed. He was not feeling up to much anyway, for besides having had no breakfast he had been out of work for two weeks and had not been getting enough food.

The boss noticed him.

"What's up with you?" he shouted.

The man said nothing. He leaned heavily on the handle of his shovel. He was feeling dizzy and faint.

"What's up with you?" shouted the boss again.

"I feels dizzy," answered the man slowly.

"Come, get out o' that!" commanded the boss. "I can't 'ave you goin' to sleep. You're not in a doss house. If you can't do your work, get out. Come on and get your time. It'll not be much. Get out."

The brutality in the tone of the boss aroused the man. He felt himself again.

"Blast you!" he exclaimed, throwing down his shovel. "'Oo wants yer work? Take it to 'ell!" And he climbed up out of the ditch.

As he was going off another man came up and asked the boss for a job. He had been waiting round with six or seven other men in the hope of being put on. He did not quite like the idea of taking another man's place under the circumstances, for navvies did not care to work on a job where there was "running." But there was no help for it. He had to have the work—that is, if he wanted to eat.

The boss looked at him and scowled.

"Yes," he said in a hard tone. "I'll put you on. You can take that fellow's shovel—that fellow that thought 'e was in a doss house. But you'll 'ave to shape better than 'e did. Go on."

The man took off his coat, jumped down into the ditch, and set to work.

Haskins was now in the seventh heaven. He felt that he was the prime mover in the whole show. He was the boss of the job. He was setting the pace. He was making the rest of the navvies play to his tune. It was fine! It was grand! He was showing them what for. And he was making this fellow alongside him, who had called him the name, work his hardest. Haskins was making the dirt fairly fly from his shovel!

The boss was now sitting on a log with his back turned to the navvies, smoking his pipe and admiring the scenery. He was thinking pleasantly of his skill as a diplomat. What he didn't know about navvy human nature wasn't worth knowing! He was the boy to handle 'em. He was the boy to make 'em work. Once he had been a navvy himself. In his day he had performed prodigies of valour with his shovel. He knew every twist and turn of the work. He knew when a man was doing his best, when he was doing only half his best, and when he was loafing. He was up to all the tricks. He had the eye of a hawk. He could tell to an ounce what a man ought to lift upon his shovel. He knew the differences between the shovelling of sand and gravel and cinders and broken stone, and the digging of clay. He knew the different muscular exertions that

were called for. In fact, he knew everything he ought to know—and more. He was that hardest kind of boss—the man who had once been a practical navvy.

Suddenly he heard a shout from the ditch. In a moment he was up to the bank. A man was lying on his back and two other men were bending over him. The rest of the navvies, including even Haskins, had stopped working.

"What's up?" he asked.

"'E's fainted," answered one of the men.

"Fainted? Why? What do you mean? What's wrong?"

But he knew well what was wrong. None better. The man had fainted in trying to keep up with the pace Haskins had set. This particular boss had had this kind of thing happen before on the jobs he had put through.

There were several things that would make a man faint on a job that was being put through on the "run." It might be that he had got past the prime of his power as a worker. Or it might be—when times were hard as they were now—that he had started work in a weak state through not having had food. "Running" at this heavy kind of labouring work was dangerous for a man if he were not perfectly fit. And even then it was bad for him. Working beyond the normal power of his body told on him in the end.

"Lift 'im out," ordered the boss, "an' throw water on 'is face. 'E'll be all right in a minute. And—well, what are you fellows stoppin' for?" he shouted to the rest of them. "Go on with your work. It's nothin'."

The work began again, but it was some time before it got back again to the murderous pace. The fact that a man had fainted had its effect upon the navvies. One man indeed threw down his shovel, refusing to work further.

The boss felt irritated. He despised a man who fainted—who gave in in this way to his work. To him it seemed that he must lack grit. Of the two he preferred a man who refused to work.

He started two more men, and this time he did not go back to sit on the log. He stood watching how things were going. He felt slightly disturbed. And there came back to him the memory of that time two years ago when a

man fell dead on a job like this. Nothing had been said at the inquest about the fact that the man had fallen dead because he was trying to keep up with the pace that he, the boss had caused to be set. Indeed, nothing could have been said. "Running" was in no way an offence against the law. It was the right and proper thing to do if one only knew how to do it. Still, having a man die on a job was a nuisance. It got spread about.

He felt relieved when he saw that the man who had fainted had come to all right. He sent him off to be paid for the time he had put in, and he gave him the price out of his own pocket to get himself a pint of beer.

And how was Haskins getting along all this time? Was he defeating very badly the truculent navvy who had insulted him? Was he showing that he was by far the better man?

He was not. With sadness it must be confessed that he was not. This truculent navvy had turned out to be as good a man as Haskins. He made the gravel fly in just as marvellous a manner. He had dug his section down just as deeply.

The battle between the two was Homeric. Never had there been seen such shovelling before.

"Blast you!" grunted the truculent navvy. "I'm a-goin' to run you off this job. I'm——"

He flung a shovelful of gravel high up on to the bank.

"I'm a-goin' to do it," he grunted again. "You —— swine!"

Again he had qualified the epithet with the ruddy adjective. He had it in for Haskins. And he felt that he could beat him at his own game. He could out-shovel this fellow that reckoned himself to be the champion shoveller!

A tremble came into the soul of Haskins. And for the first time there came to him a doubt as to his power to beat the navvy at shovelling. He had done all he could to shake him off, to leave him behind. But this navvy was one of the boys of the bull-dog breed. He was not to be shaken off. The strong fighting instinct that was in him helped him now. Though Haskins was one of the best men going at the navvying game, he was not by nature a fighter. And this fault in his temperament was against him. He began to lose confidence in himself. He began

to be afraid that after all he might not be able to beat this man.

He paused to wipe his brow. And as he paused a feeling of the awfulness of possible defeat descended upon him. It would be the most terrible thing that had ever happened. He would far rather have taken a beating from the fists of this navvy than be beaten by him at shovelling.

"Don't be a-stoppin'," grunted the truculent one. "Go hon. Make the dirt jump." And he again bestowed upon Haskins, by way of encouragement, the epithet, colourfully qualified, that he had bestowed upon him before.

Poor Haskins! Haskins, the swift and mighty artist with the shovel! The unbelievable was happening. He could not believe it—he could not credit it—but it was happening before his very eyes. Yes, it was really happening. He was being beaten. For the first time in his life he was alongside a man who was turning out to be a quicker worker than he was.

Again he straightened himself up and wiped his brow. He felt that he was being beaten, and he lacked the grit to fight that hardest fight of all—the losing fight.

His opponent paused and glared at him.

"Whatcher mean?" he growled. "Whatcher stoppin' for? Are yer a-givin' in? Get hon, or get hoff. You started it, an' if you can't keep it hup, get hoff the job."

"I wants a drink o' water," said Haskins hoarsely.

"Water!" sneered his opponent. "Well, get it, an' come back again, an' I'll beat yer 'ead off. Water! You're a nice un. You're a runner, I don't think! I could make a better runner nor you outer clay wi' me shovel. Get yer water an' come back, you ——." Again he bestowed upon Haskins the qualified epithet.

The boss looked on, saying nothing. In fact, there was nothing to say. As pointed out, he was a person of wide experience, and he knew that in a duel of this kind between two navvies it was not the thing for him to interfere. He knew well what was going to happen.

He turned—and there was Haskins sitting on the log that he, the boss, had sat upon some time before when he was congratulating himself upon having set the men "running." He went over to him. Haskins was almost in a state of collapse. The pace at which he had been work-

ing, combined with the fact that he had been beaten, had proved too much for him.

"Well, what now?" queried the boss.

"I'll go," said Haskins weakly. "I'll go, an' take what's a-comin' to me."

"All right," said the boss shortly.

He had known that Haskins would not return to the ditch after being beaten. It was what usually happened under the circumstances. If a "runner" were beaten, he invariably left the job.

The boss was back again now, watching the men on the job. The "running" had stopped altogether. The men were working easily—going at a normal pace. The navvy who had out-shovelled Haskins—who had "chased" him off the job—was working in a particularly calm manner.

The boss did not like the turn affairs had taken, but he could hardly say anything. He could not sack them all, and he knew it would be useless to attempt to get the conqueror of Haskins to set a pace. So he let the men go on as they were going without comment.

When the close of the day's work came the navvies got a sub all round, and they went off to celebrate the defeat of the "runner."

There were great goings-on that night in the tap-room of the "Fox and Goose." The landlord was kept on the "run" through the whole of the time. Pot of beer after pot of beer found its way down the throats of the jubilant navvies. There was dancing and singing. And there was even a recitation from "Hamlet." It was given with great effect by the truculent navvy who had "chased" Haskins off the job. His comrades were all agreed that he was as good as any play-actor they had ever seen. He was their hero. They avowed that he was a great man in every way—that he could do anything, or overcome anything.

It is to be feared, however, that even he was overcome before the time came for the landlord to close the "Fox and Goose."

The Feminist Movement: Its Danger and its Difficulty

By Douglas Jerrold

THE difficulty about feminism is that no one knows what it means. The danger is lest any of the meanings attributed to it should turn out to be correct.

Not only the feminist, but the whole world is interested in the future of women. But the feminist is he who sets out consciously to build up a future for women which shall be marked by certain definite changes in their position. The extension of the suffrage has lent a new significance to feminism. Feminism was not in the past a creed, a philosophy, or a policy; it was a protest. With the grant of the suffrage the negative phase is over. What lies before us?

The women's cause has been argued, advertised and asserted in various different ways. While Mrs. Pankhurst and the W.S.P.U. sought to base a philosophy of life on the troubles of ambitious young women who were debarred from the professions (the W.S.P.U. programme was the outcome of the discontents of that minority of unmarried women who desired to play a part in public life), social workers snatching at any straw to alleviate the misery of the slums preached a living wage for women. By basing this demand on political grounds they hoped to get from the Old Whigs or the Young Tories what the intermediate capitalists of the front benches would infallibly deny them. The academic appeal was strongly supported in a series of brilliant speeches by Mr. Pethick Lawrence, who sought —greatly daring—to snare even the wives of the plutocracy by teaching the injustices of the Married Women's Property Act and lamenting the difficulties of divorce.

Finally, and most daring of all, a few rather ill-chosen statistics on venereal disease were produced by the suffra-

gist leaders with the intention of proving that the cure for immorality was the enfranchisement of women. This plea, palpably designed to attract the Church and the Nonconformist conscience, was not wholly credited; but it created, none the less, quite a flutter in the dovecotes, and, as a factor in the publicity campaign, by mentioning the unmentionable, it did yeoman service. From such feverish, ill-assorted, and opportunist arguments the saner feminist movement is a reaction. It is true that, even without this war, the suffragist campaign would in time have turned a *succès de haine* into a *succès d'estime*, because the only solid arguments against the entry of women into public life were those based on women's mentality and women's physical disabilities, and the suffragists relied on man's chivalry not to raise these questions on a public platform. Nor did they rely in vain.

But, anyway, amid the long expected clash of arms women have got what they said they wanted. They have stepped into dead men's shoes in the labour market and the professions, and have sent the shares of every draper's shop in London sky high. In reward for this great service they are to get the vote. Responsible feminists tell us that we are on the eve of a great revolution. The trouble is that a revolution has a habit of being followed by a rebellion—and the rebellion is invariably the more successful. The rebellion of 1649 failed because it was revolution: the revolution of 1688 succeeded because it was a rebellion. It may even be that the coming revolution of the parliamentary franchise will be followed by a rebellion against the authority of Parliament; but in any case the enthusiastic feminist need base no hopes on the immediate results of the franchise. The majority of women never wanted the vote, and there is no reason to suppose that the minority of women who do exercise the franchise will exhibit a less bovine stupidity than the ordinary man. In the only State in the U.S.A. where the women's votes are shown separate to the men's, their votes are cast in proportions almost identical with those of the men; the margin of difference is under 2 per cent.

It need hardly be said that the more enlightened feminists were well aware of this even while the campaign for the vote was at its height, and ardent well-wishers sought

to conceal the more injudicious utterances of the militant suffragists by referring to the vote vaguely as a symbol. This phrase served its purpose by enticing to the support of the movement philosophic radicals with old-fashioned ideas on the value of equality, and violent revolutionaries who despised the vote itself as an exploded superstition.

But despite this saving phrase in the suffrage campaign, the campaign for the vote is responsible for nearly all the difficulties with which feminism is confronted. In the first place it was a fictitious demand. It was a rallying cry for varying discontents, not the first plank in a serious political programme, and the interests which rallied to support the campaign were mutually discordant. None of the women's leaders were agreed or troubled to reach an agreement on any other points—yet the volume of noise produced gave to the movement the specious appearance of an organised and well-defined political party. In the result it led to the burking of the main issue. This was economic. To the few who did not burke the issue it spelt a hopeless confusion of thought (as we shall see later on), and to all feminists it gave an entirely false impression, and still gives, of the amount of support which will be forthcoming for proposals of a genuinely feministic character.

The campaign for the vote led to the burking of the economic issue. This in itself was a misfortune. It drew to the support of the women's movement thousands to whom the real aims of feminism are wholly unsympathetic. This will merely produce keen disappointment later on. It led women, whose economic grievances induced them to catch at any straw, to place in the vote a hope which cannot be fulfilled. It meant the loss of three years of public agitation and discussion on a subject which, had it been so discussed, might be even now in the foreground for solution. As it was, politicians were led to believe (or rather were enabled officially to believe) that the vote was the sum of women's demand. They left the economic problem to solve itself. Moreover, public discussion on the different proposals for remedying the economic dependence of woman on man would have killed most of the solutions proposed to-day by wise young feminists ignorant of economics, psychology or history. I have said, further, that the concentration on the vote led to *confusion of*

thought on the subject of women's economic position. This confusion of thought still exists and underlies almost all feminist writings. The keener social reformers supported the suffrage under the belief that once the right to the vote were established, men's superiority to women in the labour market (*i.e.*, their claim to higher wages for equal work), could no longer be logically maintained and would inevitably be abandoned. The fact that the vote conferred *status*, and that the man's economic claim was based on an alleged difference of *function*, was merely not understood. This simple but far-reaching fact is still not realised by writers who, on the plea of equality or common justice, plead for the economic freedom of women. Common justice can and—thank Heaven!—has altered the *status* of women; it cannot affect their *function*. It is on the question of what is and is not the function of woman that the whole economic position turns. It is this confusion of thought that is responsible for much of the ignorant and bitter writing about women's subjection to man. Man as the bread-winner and woman as the housekeeper implies no difference in status, and consequently no humiliation, to women. Some last vestiges of inferiority of status may indeed be found in a few laws (*e.g.*, the divorce laws) which should at once be amended; but these laws are mere picturesque survivals, and are an insult to the intelligence of lawyers rather than of women. Whether child-nurture and housekeeping are indeed the function of women is debatable. We may perhaps, by way of reaction from the strenuous years in the trenches, breed a generation of men who will wish to stay at home and mind the children while their wives go out to earn the necessary means of subsistence, but whether women will agree to this tacit inversion of normally recognised functions is doubtful. Perhaps the true feminist view is that which is held by Mr. W. L. George, that housekeeping and home management is nobody's function; that a home is an abomination. But even he is not rash enough to prophesy its disappearance; so that his solution of the eternal problem remains as academic as Plato's.

Enough has been said here, we hope, to separate the economic from the political question and the question of status from the question of function. The distinction is

all-important: status is arbitrary, and can be altered at will; function cannot be. What is meant exactly by function is the office which a class, a nationality, an individual, or an institution is apparently best designed to perform in order to produce the perfect community. The conferring of status is usually an arbitrary and artificial attempt to dignify classes or individuals performing particular functions, in order to ensure the necessary performance of those functions. The history of political developments has been mainly the history of a confusion between status and function; political reformers have been continuously under the belief that an alteration in status would produce a change in the function performed; hence, for instance, the concentration of the Chartists on political reform. Many feminists are well enmeshed in the same fatal mistake, and will do well to set their thoughts in order.

Three points especially may be well kept in view. That feminists are waging a definite campaign for equality of status, which has been nearly successful and which can be carried to victory in a definite time by the agency of legislation—the sphere of which is status. In the second place, feminists are as yet undecided whether the historical view of women's function is right or wrong. Mr. W. L. George, and in a lesser degree the writers of the *Round Table*, hold that it is wrong. Miss Maude Royden holds that it is correct as far as married women are concerned. If the historical view is wrong, feminists have got to decide on a definite united policy by which the functions hitherto fulfilled by married women are to be carried out. And they have also to prove that these functions will thus be better performed. A function which is worse performed by A than by B is the function of B rather than A—a point often forgotten. Thirdly, they have got to remember that the economic position of unmarried women is essentially a different problem from that of married women if their function is different; that it is a purely economic question, and that an attempt to consider it apart from a prolonged consideration of the economic position of men leads only to such absurdities as the claim for women of "the economic freedom which men enjoy." Women may wish to substitute dependence on the capitalist for dependence on the family, but they had better know what they are doing first. As

long as they talk about economic freedom it is clear that they do not.

With the statement of these warnings necessary to any clear consideration of the problem, we may pass to consider the future of feminism.

Here we are confronted straightway with the problem of immediate urgency. Women have got the vote.

What are the possibilities of the position? How can women best use the weapon chance has put into their hands to build up a saner economic civilisation in which they can attain their aims? That is the main, the only real problem. Problems of status alluded to before will be easily and quickly solved. For in this matter women will encounter no opposition from capitalism or organised labour. Setting them, then, on one side, the dangers of the immediate future are twofold:

1. That women by an indiscreet political campaign will bring discredit on the movement, and incidentally split the progressive forces at a critical time.

2. That women by a mistaken and short-sighted economic campaign will play into the hands of the capitalists by splitting the ranks of labour.

Should both or either of these courses be adopted the forces of reaction will infallibly be victorious.

To judge from the tone of feminist writing and feminine conversation, the women's leaders have learnt nothing, forgotten nothing. They are steering straight for disaster. Even as superficial an observer as Lord Northcliffe has read the writing on the wall: the problem of the future is the economic reconstruction of society; yet the feminists offer as their contribution to the solution of this all-important question (which will dominate politics after the war, and with which is bound up the whole future of women) nothing but vague chatter about sexual diseases, diseases from which really quite a considerable portion of the community are immune; still vaguer murmurs about co-education and divorce; and hardly a word on housing, wage-slavery, and education.

What we have to remember is that, trivial and irrelevant as were the main planks in the pre-war suffragist programme, they must be the main items of the programme of any feminist candidate run after the war. The feminists are

barren of an agreed political programme, and these few subjects are the only ones on which the women electorate have any sort of political education. What will be the result if feminism makes its entry into the political arena on lines such as these? One or two feminist candidates will be elected. The vast majority will poll enough to convince the public that the movement can be safely disregarded. Those very few who may be elected will sink at once into that obscurity which falls in the House of Commons to the man of one idea as surely as to the man of many ideas.

But if there is a danger to feminism from the narrow-mindedness of the enthusiasts, there is danger from the broad-mindedness of its more lukewarm supporters. Feminism must be at once separated from the vague humanitarian liberalism with which it has flirted so long if it is to have any life or any future as a power for good. To quote *clichés* from *The Nation* about the right to freedom will not bring feminism the support of the party caucus, because the party caucus has no idea what feminism means. Moreover, the tendency to revert to John Stuart Mill as a political guide, though in itself a, perhaps, creditable reaction from Mrs. Pankhurst, inevitably produces, and has produced, a tendency to gloss over the physiological differences between the sexes which, perhaps even more than the differences of mentality, have led to a differentiation of function. References to the *common humanity* of women, to the "legitimate desire of women to share in the *common* work of the world," the doctrine of equality universally applied—such gleanings from philosophical Radicalism must go overboard if anyone is ever to understand what feminism really means. Liberty, liberalism, and humanity have little to do with a problem which is concerned mainly with psychology, physiology, and economics. And the sooner the feminist leaders realise this the better.

Still more dangerous would be an ill-judged economic campaign without trade union or labour allies, without experience of industrial warfare. Some feminists gaily hope for the achievement of women's "economic freedom" by measures as futile as they are ill-conceived. To begin with, it is mere idiocy to talk of the economic freedom of women at a time when no working man is in the enjoyment

of economic freedom. The thing does not exist, and has not existed for years. Moreover, to attempt to enlist any large body of women's support for any revolutionary programme of economic reform would be dangerous to a degree. The majority of women, not excluding the leading feminists, know nothing about economics. Organised labour after years of industrial strife can still not be trusted to look after its own interests. Will the women's industrial leaders fare better?

The idea that "equal wages for equal work" would afford any satisfactory solution of the problems raised by the entry of women into industry is totally false. Conditions against which men have been rebelling for years can hardly be deemed paradise for women. To imagine that one can free women by adding to their present disabilities a compulsory entry into wage-slavery is indeed an amazing contribution to political thought. Yet this is what this catchword, if taken seriously, amounts to. The main cause which has operated to keep down women's wages has been that wages are based on the amount necessary to subsistence of the employee. *This cause will operate to lower men's wages* in proportion as women's wages *increase. This, again, will make adult female labour a necessity* if the home is to be kept going *at the present standard of comfort.* Break down the last lingering traditions of capitalist honour, which regards the workman as, at any rate, so much of a human being that his wages must be capable of supporting a family; establish communal *crèches* to relieve an under-educated proletariat of the one useful interest in life which modern society allows them; flood the cinemas; send up the circulation of *Answers* to a figure beyond Lord Northcliffe's wildest dreams; maintain the profits of the drapers and the manufacturers of cheap jewellery at 150 per cent.; break up the unity of the home and provide cheap divorce on a lavish scale—and then we shall know that women have entered at last into the wage-earner's paradise.

Yet were the policy to be pressed by the women's leaders, its fulfilment would not be impossible. Bitterly opposed as it would be by organised labour, it would have the support of every far-sighted capitalist; with its corollary of State *crèches* and public feeding of school-

children, it would relieve the most sentimental capitalist from any compunction in treating labour purely and simply as a commodity; it would create a large supply of cheap and fluid labour, and in its ultimate tendency, leading as it would to the disappearance of the home as we know it now, it would widen the gulf between the proletariat and the salariat and possessing classes. All that would remain would be to perpetuate the existence of slavery by amusing the slaves.

What of the trade unions? In point of fact they would probably be strong enough to bring any campaign for "equal pay for equal work" (a campaign which, it goes without saying, would imply the right of entry of women into all branches of labour) to a speedy and ignominious conclusion. But that is by the way. We are occupied in tracing here what would be the results of a successful campaign. It will be suggested that trade unionism even in that case would be strong enough to maintain wages at their existing level. This in itself hardly amounts to the dawn of a golden age, but it is more than doubtful whether any trade unions could prevent a general fall in wages. Innocent amateurs in economics imagine that trade unions control the market price of labour. They do not. If the bottle-washers of England, by striking for five pounds a week, could get it, they would have got it long years ago. The fallacy is, in fact, that which obscured the brain of the editor of the *Morning Post* a few years ago, when in the columns of that paper, and consequently in every really well-furnished London drawing-room, the great industrial upheavals of 1911–13 were said to be caused by the eloquence of Mr. Ben Tillett, Mr. Tom Mann, and other paid agitators. Alas! it was not so. Even Mr. Tillett's manly utterance (at a meeting in Oxford at the time of the local tram strike) that an honest English workman was worth a bench of bishops did not melt the heart of a single blackleg. Successful strikes are born of more complex conditions. Some only need be mentioned here: a genuine fall in the real wages of the economic unit (*i.e.*, husband and wife); the possession of funds sufficient to give the strike a potentially indefinite length; and, perhaps most important of all, the known presence of certain conditions in the particular industry at the particular time which make

it impossible or undesirable for the capitalist to face a long cessation of output. In such strikes as feminists contemplate to maintain women's (and men's) wages, the first two of these conditions will be absent.

Enough, anyway, has, we hope, been said to show that if the ultra-feminism of the pre-war suffragettes and the academic liberalism of the war-time converts to feminism are alike futile and likely to bring feminism into ridicule, an economic programme which limits itself to the cry of equal pay for equal work is the product of either a dangerous ignorance or a mistaken view of Utopia. In either case the sooner it is dropped the better.

Over and above these questions of detailed policy there exist the most cogent reasons why no sectional or sex appeal whatever should be made. These reasons are to be found in the mental characteristics of women. Men have only their own soft-heartedness to thank for the fact that these characteristics are not more widely recognised. After all, we have all argued and disagreed with women on every conceivable subject. The dangerous tendency of many men, however, is to regard every woman as an exception, and to refrain, out of a chivalry which feminists will be the first to ridicule, from regarding what are in fact the mental habits of a sex as anything more relevant than the idiosyncrasies of a few individuals.

First and foremost, women distrust logic. For generations it was rude to argue with a lady; it is still hardly politic to express a profound conviction that they are fundamentally wrong on any point. They have suffered for centuries from a lack of that mental discipline to which even the veriest fool of a man has been subjected more or less from the time of Socrates. And the primitive instinct of self-justification has had its way. Women have learnt by bitter experience that their reason will play them sorry tricks in critical encounters, and, having adopted the catchword *instinct*, they openly proclaim that it constitutes their right of entry to intellectual society. When a woman has arrived at a perfectly sound conclusion by the ordinary process of reasoning, she will pretend that she acted on instinct; and so the legend has grown up. But the growth of the legend has killed the logical consciousness, and leads women every day to hold opinions which they are

not prepared to defend. That is obscurantism pure and simple. It is the philosophy of the torture-chamber and the stake. To attempt, then, to reason with women is unlikely on this ground alone to be successful; not because (let us be quite clear) women cannot reason, but because they refuse to admit the sovereignty of reason. Put before a woman the self-evident proposition that of necessity on all subjects on which you hold an opinion you consider that opinion to be correct (it is clearly impossible to hold an opinion which you consider wrong; it is tantamount to saying that your opinion is not your opinion at all), and a woman will retreat from argument at once; she will not face a proposition which postulates the sovereignty of reason. Women have a gift for not facing facts which amounts to genius.

A man may reason like a fool; he generally does; but he admits the necessity of defending his opinion. A woman will end a hundred arguments with, "Anyway, I've told you what I think about it," and rest perfectly content under the most complete defeat in the argument. These characteristics may pass away; they are largely the result of lack of education and of an anti-intellectual bias inherited from the days of antimacassars. Yet they will not pass away in ten, or even in twenty, years, and they must be reckoned with.

But there are other characteristics of feminine thought which have perhaps a deeper root; these characteristics can only be hinted at here. Women are essentially self-centred; so are men. But a man who is self-centred is so because he regards himself as the centre of the universe, and he has a very genuine concern for all that depends on him in that somewhat illusory capacity. A woman who is self-centred is so because she has overlooked the existence of the universe. When she discovers it, she wakes up and suffers badly from the shock.

Again, when men criticise they do so to convert somebody to their point of view, because it is theirs; a man criticises, too, but on grounds of logic, even if it be bad logic. Women, in short, find it far more difficult than men to lose their identity in that of the public; the individual experience reacting on the indivdual personality is the key to their individual life. That is why women's opinions

once formed are more sacred to them than they are to men. They are part of themselves, not merely counters in that exchange of human thought by which logical man slowly achieves a durable structure of knowledge. By their conformity to this structure men judge their thoughts to be valid or not. Men admit their mistakes and apostatise. Women are the unconscious martyrs of human unreason. They do not change their opinions. Some women never form opinions; but that is a passing phase. The other, perhaps, is not. And it is from the sacredness of women's opinions (opinions resulting in nine cases out of ten from some intimate personal experience) that there results their dislike of Compromise; yet from the breast of that goddess flows the milk of human kindness. Because of their intensely individual outlook compromise is odious to women. It is not that women do not realise that it takes all sorts to make a world, but as to the making of a world *elles n'en voient pas la nécessité*. Women are not devoid of ambition; many of them would like to see the world at their feet, but only that they might be able to stamp on it at pleasure—or perhaps Christina Rossetti would have used it as a stepping-stone to the moon.

Women do not at all like being left alone with abstract ideas; still less do they like being regarded as an abstraction. Queen Victoria was as ever the most womanly of women in her dislike for being addressed as a public meeting. When even a Queen (the oldest public institution in the world and trained in that tradition) wishes to be treated as an individual, what hope is there that this distinctive feminine trait will not make itself markedly felt in the female electorate of to-morrow? As man is never so much at home as when he is in a public building—wherein lies the *raison d'être* of clubs; a woman is never so much at home as in her own drawing-room, except when she is dominating somebody else's. A man's happiest moment is when he finds himself surrounded by the world and its activities; a woman's when she finds herself outside them. A woman creates her own paradise; a man may live in a fool's paradise, but it is called the world of to-day.

Of some of these characteristics the suffrage campaign itself affords an interesting example. It is a matter of common agreement among feminists and others that what

brought the suffrage campaign to a head was the preponderance of women over men in the educated classes, and the consequent surplus of unmarried and, in the upper classes, unoccupied women with slender hope of gratifying the maternal instinct, and with still scantier hopes of obtaining legitimate and intelligent employment. The reaction from the Victorian drawing-room consequent on the popularity of the circulating library did the rest. The implications of this admission are not always realised, for it shows that not only the agitation, but the support it received, were both alike the product not of a scientific conception of woman's place in Nature, but of the reaction of particular conditions on vital personalities.

To attempt a direct appeal to the electorate of women is to ensure disaster. The greatest danger of women's suffrage is lest, as the result of such appeals, a school should grow up which conceives women's interests to be different from and antagonistic to those of men. Before this danger can be considered past, women must have achieved a sound political education. To this end the professions must be thrown open to them, and they must be brought more into touch with the solid business of everyday life. Education must be given to them liberally, and, above all, the leaders of feminism, ceasing to limit (however unconsciously) women's interest in politics to the desire to see the removal of various petty grievances and the improvement in the economic position of women-workers, must follow, and in time perhaps guide the sanest political thought of the day; they must adopt, frame, and advocate a definite policy which covers the whole field of politics, and make an end once and for all of their arbitrary and incorrect division of society into two sexes. The unit of society is, and will certainly remain, the family for the next fifty years—and that is long enough ahead.

On the realisation of this urgent necessity for joint political action with men, and for maintaining and creating a keen interest in the political problem as a whole, depends the value even of the one sane proposal which the feminists have so far put forward: the endowment of motherhood. This proposal, eminently just as it is, will, if thoughtlessly urged and hastily adopted, prove but another step to a completely servile state. Unaccompanied by housing

reforms, it will hardly check infantile mortality; unaccompanied by some sort of communal control of production and distribution, it will lead to a rise in prices and to little *net* increase in the real wealth of the family; unaccompanied by educational reform, it will lead inevitably to an increase in the wasteful expenditure on cheap finery and the cinema; unaccompanied by some measure of partnership for labour in industry, it will merely operate as a bribe to labour to remain contented with their lot.

Of the evils of sex politics this one instance must suffice; to maintain the attention and the interest of women by proposals of a purely sectional nature may be a feasible plan for ambitious feminist leaders, but it is not the course dictated by the national interest. Feminism must learn to see life steadily and see it whole. At present it is a long way from doing either.

What feminism should stand for is not the advocacy of certain measures for the improvement of women's position in society as it is, but the attempt to focus women's thought and women's energies on to the consideration of the political problem as a whole, and so to educate, organise, and inspire the new female electorate that in the course of the next twenty years some of the dreams of our political idealists may come true. It is in a society free from political corruption, social fetishes, and wage-slavery, and in such a society alone, that women can attain those opportunities for free and full development which are the birthright of every free citizen in a free country.

If the extension of the franchise to women leads only to an elaborate piece of political patchwork, it will be not a blessing but a disaster. If the weight of women's influence and the enthusiasm of their leaders are given in support of the best political thought in the country, then indeed we may see the dawn of a new era. The responsibility lies with the feminist leaders. In the course of this essay I have tried to show where that choice should lie and why. If the fetishes of the past are discarded, and the policies of the future recast in the light of a more comprehensive aim, then the difficulties and dangers of feminism will alike disappear.

Mr. Potter and the Unseen

By J. Maconechy

Mr. Potter was much despised by the other clergy in the county. This was quite natural—for he was of small, insignificant stature, he was by no means clever, his manners were shy and awkward, and he was not quite a gentleman. He was not, therefore, a likely figure to command respect, nor was he ever surprised that he did not obtain it. Feeling that he was not likely to be successful in other spheres, he thought of the Church as an easy means of commanding £120 or so a year, as a curate. He had never really hoped for a living, and, indeed, he was more than pleased when a rich friend presented him with a living in a small country village. Mr. Potter now had £150 a year and a small grey stone house. He brought with him to the village the paralysed idiot sister—whom it was his duty to look after, as everyone said, for she had no other relations or friends in the world. They lived alone in the house. In the mornings a woman from the village came in for an hour or so to attend to the various duties required by the chronic invalid, and came back for the same purpose in the evenings. The afternoons Mr. Potter devoted to wheeling the paralytic out in her invalid-chair; the evenings to the pursuit of whiskey—a pursuit to which he had always been prone. Mr. Potter was very happy in his quiet life in the country village.

His pleasant, uneventful days were full of leisure—for it was only on Sundays that Mr. Potter ever had any services, and even then they were of the briefest description. He felt sorry when the even course of his life was somewhat abruptly broken into by a summons from an energetic Bishop to attend a retreat to be held in the Bishop's Palace. Mr. Potter thought that he would be very bored by listening to sermons all day long, but, on the other hand, he felt that he would rather like to see a Palace: and to see

a Bishop—not, indeed, trusting in riches—so they tell us—but using them for the good of other people. So partly for these reasons, and partly because he was too nervous to refuse, Mr. Potter decided to attend the Palace retreat. He was rather worried about his clothes. It was true he had two suits, but both were threadbare and shiny. Moreover, he had no dress-suit. Mr. Potter hoped that Bishops did not wear evening dress. Perhaps a cassock would do as a change in the evenings. Mr. Potter decided that he would put one into the basket hold-all, which was all he possessed in the way of luggage. He decided to invest in one new washing collar. He also bought a new pair of flannel pyjamas. As a rule, he kept only one pair, and had them washed in the morning ready for evening wear, but he decided that this plan might hardly accord with palatial etiquette.

Mr. Potter walked from the station to the Palace—a distance of three miles. He could not afford to pay for a fly, and as he trudged along, carrying his basket, he reflected that this was just as well, for it gave him an opportunity of admiring the beautiful wild deer and the long grassy drives of the Park. He felt sorry for Bishops, whose duty it is to be so rich whilst many of the clergy are so poor.

The Palace was very fine outside, and furnished with ostentatious simplicity inside. Mr. Potter was given a lovely room with two windows overlooking the garden. It had really been meant for an Archdeacon, who had failed to come at the last moment. Had the Archdeacon been able to come, Mr. Potter would have had to sleep at the lodge, with others of the inferior clergy.

A young footman was deputed to look after Mr. Potter. He attended to him with scrupulous, unremitting care, washing his collar for him every evening, returning it ready for morning wear, and preventing him from wearing his cassock inopportunely. The footman was a Christian Socialist, and was no respecter of persons.

The Bishop greeted Mr. Potter effusively, but confusedly as regards his name, invariably addressing him as "Clay." This, however, did not worry Mr. Potter, who never took offence easily.

After two days of retreat he felt much better. Perhaps this was not so much due to the sermons as to the fact that

he was now having meat three times a day instead of once a week. Moreover, as the other clergy took very little notice of him, he had plenty of opportunity for long, quiet walks in the Park. It was a rest to mind and body to be able to walk alone, freed from the duty of pushing along in a heavy basket-chair his paralysed idiot sister, who chattered so ceaselessly with semi-incoherent ravings. Now that he had no chance of having whiskey in the evenings he reflected that he certainly felt fresher in the mornings. He thought that perhaps when he went back to his village he would give up drinking so heavily, and try having strong coffee at night instead of whiskey. Then perhaps he would feel well enough to have some of his services in the early morning hours, which are always so quiet and so pleasant; certainly, he decided, it would be worth while to try this new plan.

Mr. Potter hated the numerous addresses given in the retreat—at least, he hated them as long as he tried to listen to them—but after a few days he decided to concentrate his mind on not listening to them. Instead, he sat in the chapel wondering what God was really like, and what happens to us when we die. He thought of it so much that he was quite surprised when the retreat came to an end. The time had seemed very short. He was able to tell the Bishop quite truthfully that he had enjoyed the retreat and found it a great opportunity for quiet thought. But, on the whole, he was not really sorry that the time had come to go back to his own little village. It was a relief to feel that there was no one to notice his awkward manners or despise his shabby clothes. The small grey house seemed comforting after the stiff grandeur of the Palace. He greeted his sister, went the round of the garden, and went into the church, which was built of the grey native stone, and was austere and bare of ornament. Mr. Potter stayed there a little, but came out again presently well content. For evidently there was nothing, in house, garden, or church, which was going to take from him the strange sense of reality which had been with him since the days in the retreat, when he had first decided not to listen to the sermons but to think about God and the immortality of the soul.

He knew now that his realisation of the unseen was not, as he had feared, due to the fact that he had been living

lately in a Bishop's Palace. In the evening he drank coffee instead of whiskey without any ill effects. Certainly the good food of the Palace had done wonders for him. Perhaps by practising economy in whiskey he might be able to afford meat twice a week. He thought, however, that this would be too great luxury. To be thinking so much about food must mean that he was getting very greedy; perhaps it would be better for him to give his meat dinner to someone in the village—someone poorer than he was. He decided that he would do so.

The next morning he felt restless and dissatisfied. He missed something. He wondered whether it was the morning service or the last night's whiskey. After his walk with his paralysed sister in the afternoon he went into the church. He decided, without consulting any Bishop, that he would have services there every day. Fortunately, there was no one in the village capable of objecting to the way in which Mr. Potter wasted his time, though the villagers thought him queer, for it seemed funny to be so often in church.

Mr. Potter spent some months of unimaginable peaceful satisfaction, thinking of Divine realities. His idiot sister died one day, quite peacefully, and he buried her in the churchyard. As he stood by the grave he realised with a strange sinking of the heart that he had now no ties of duty which could keep him bound to the grey rectory and the quiet village.

Perhaps then it would be his duty to work abroad, in some mission—in China perhaps, where there had lately been a rising against the Christians. In the evening he wrote to a missionary society offering to train for foreign work. He wrote the letter with inward tears, and, after he had posted it, went to bed feeling very miserable. He was afraid of going abroad. He was afraid of the Chinese —afraid that he would not be clever enough to learn their very difficult language. He was afraid that he might be tortured, and might not die quickly enough. Most of all he was afraid that his offer of going might really be accepted.

A few days later he had a letter from the secretary of the missionary society asking him to present himself in London for medical examination as a necessary preliminary

to being accepted. Mr. Potter thought that the examination was not likely to be very strict because the society was short of applicants for probable martyrdom. So he went up to London to be inspected with a very sinking heart. As he walked to the station his knees shook a little and there was a queer choking feeling in his throat. He felt great fear, but he did not turn back.

The doctor in London who inspected candidates for the missionary society was surprised that the shabby little clergyman with a heart in such a terrible condition should present himself on such a quest. He was surprised at such folly, and irritated at the waste of his own most valuable time. So he asked with unnecessary brusqueness if Mr. Potter was really unaware that the conditions of his health precluded all possibility of hard work—and that even by the exercise of the utmost care he could hardly expect to live more than a few months. He was surprised to find that Mr. Potter showed relief, but no signs of fear, and felt a sudden admiration—of the kind one may feel for the unexpected virtues of an inferior—at such self-control. He did not understand—and Mr. Potter did not wish to waste any more of his time or to give further trouble by lengthy explanations—that though Mr. Potter was very much afraid of going to China—a strange, unfamiliar country—he was not at all afraid of dying.

Education and the Public Schools

By Sir Francis Fletcher Vane, Bt.

MUCH has been written of late both for and against these national institutions, but much of the criticism has been, as it strikes me, quite irrelevant. The more directly pertinent accounts of present-day Public Schools have come from the young themselves—not by any means eulogistic appreciations, it may be added—in such books as *The Harrovians*, *Sinister Street*, and *The Loom of Youth*. Now I have always held that we should not take the hunter's view as to his actions, or even those of his friends, but that before deciding on his wisdom or his sportsmanlike spirit we should try to get the opinion of his quarry. This quite obvious truth was impressed on my mind in the South African War, owing to the fact that here were conferences between the belligerents, many prisoners taken, and a greater publicity of the views of both sides than in any previous war. We were enabled to correct our opinions as to our tactics, or even of our humanity, by hearing the equally biased but relatively unprejudiced views as to those of the enemy. It would seem, therefore, that in the fights as to which system of education is the better for the young we are, in this major matter of politics, hearing the direct opinion of the quarry, of the schoolboy, told to us by our victims before they have learnt to forget their impressions.

The value of such stories as above mentioned is inestimable, because, as in contradistinction to those which have led us in the past—*Tom Brown's Schooldays*, written by a middle-aged man, Marryat's tales of the Navy, and the rest—they are real hot pot tales told by youths who had only recently undergone these experiences.

Naturally, here I am not going to review these books, but I am trying to make people think what they mean—what has been behind the young authors of them when

they have been inspired to write so frankly on these matters.

Before discussing in detail the arguments in favour of or against our Public School education, it is as well to state a fact which, though it is almost a platitude, is yet not sufficiently accepted in Britain—at least, south of the Tweed. This is that the young are natural scientists in the sense that they demand to be informed of the wonders of the new world in which they find themselves. The child if left to himself does not require to be driven to the class-room if he recognises that he will there learn what he is seeking for, namely, the reason of things. If we find him disliking the class-room or the school, it is only a proof either that we fail to give him what he asks for, or else that we do it in so clumsy a way as to cause him to dislike it. All progressive educational schemes are based on the fundamental truth that the child wishes to learn, and that it is only a question how he is to acquire knowledge, how the budding plant of his mind is to expand—that is in question.

Here I do not propose to discuss in detail the conflicting arguments as to classical as opposed to modern or scientific training. Those who think that every youth should have as a foundation a knowledge of Latin and Greek, and consequently learn in the original the works of the great classical writers, have much to justify them. However, this is clearly dependent on whether the knowledge of these two dead languages will be sufficiently profound for him to arrive at the intentions of the classical authors in question in a better way than he could by a translation or a crib. My impression may be wrong, but I do not believe that one in every hundred boys in a Public School ever attains this proficiency.

On the other hand, if he does not do so, much of his time is wasted, except only that the defenders of the classical system fall back on reserve trenches. They say, which is true, that Latin is a useful language, being as it is the foundation of so many other tongues. If the Latin taught in our schools was for the purpose of stimulating the boys in the study of French, Italian, or Spanish, this argument would hold good. Is it true? Is there a school in England which treats Latin as a basic language for instruc-

tion, for example, in French, and a scheme drawn up to show how the original root-words have been evolved into their present equivalents in a modern tongue? All of us have read Archbishop Trench's *Study of Words*, and we know from it how fascinating an inquiry into the pedigree of words can be.

The fact is that in this respect nothing has been done to treat Latin as a stepping-off ground for the wider appreciation of the modern Latin languages. If this had been done, we would find that the boys on the classical side of our Public Schools would have acquired at least an interest in French or Italian. I am prepared to wager that there is not a boy from the classical side of our Public Schools, unless he has been sent especially to learn in France or Italy, who can speak even intelligibly these languages; while, on the other hand, I know many hundreds of French and Italian boys, educated in the Lyceum (or classical schools), who can speak quite well German and English.

Therefore we may dismiss the argument as to the value of Latin as useful—as now taught—as a basic language for instruction in other modern and cognate tongues.

It is hardly necessary to discuss the question whether, as stated, the study of Greek (especially Greek verbs) is not useful as mental gymnastics. At once I may admit, as victim, that their confounded irregularity stimulated the muscular power of my brains. But if it be good to stimulate the purely physical part of the brain—which is not admitted—this might surely be attained equally well by causing the victims to learn by heart some of Browning's poems, a table of logarithms, or possibly the Chancellor of the Exchequer's last statement as to the position of national finance.

There is lost, however, in dealing with classical as opposed to scientific training in the secondary schools one very serious point. It is that so far as the Public Schools—which now include every school from Eton, Harrow, Charterhouse, etc., down to almost every provincial grammar foundation—there now exists in the majority of these institutions supposed to educate the youth of the middle class a snobbish bias in favour of the old classical system as against the new scientific one.

Apart altogether from our own middle-aged experience, we have the evidence of the young authors of *Sinister Street* and *The Loom of Youth* to confirm our opinion: that the conventions of the schools encourage the idea that it is *better form* to be on the classical side than on the modern.

We must now deal with the conventions of school life in England, which, believe me, are very pertinent in respect to our future as an Empire; pertinent also as affecting the position which we shall hold in the Council of the Nations which will be formed when this war is over.

Above, I have tried to show that modernism has been discouraged in respect to education by the conventions of school life. The child on coming into a school has been told by other boys, not officially by his masters, that it is more "gentlemanly"—that accursed word "gentleman"—to be on the classical than on the scientific side. "The bounders" are over there. (Vide *Sinister Street.*)

Therefore these conventions of school life now go far and away beyond the boys in the older Public Schools, and now affect the pupils in institutions originally intended to supply the groundwork of commercial training.

In and up to the middle of the nineteenth century there were nine or ten so-called Public Schools, ranging from Eton to Shrewsbury. All these schools had, by the wills of the revered patrons of them, been intended for the education of the poor. Slowly they had been acquired by the rich as seminaries for their young. It was a natural evolution, not in any way designed, but it happened. In fact, up to 1860 these schools were used for educating the young more as governors in the State than as servants of it.

Yet though these schools were generally exclusive, they were often more inclusive than the grammar school of to-day. My father told me that he had been swished by Keate for refusing to sit next the Windsor butcher's son, who was a day boy at Eton in his day (about 1820).

Now the education for the sons of the aristocracy, which, in fact, was that of the Public Schools up to the fifth or sixth decade of the nineteenth century, is not and cannot be the proper system for the sons of the middle classes who now go to the old grammar schools—now called Public Schools of the present time.

The rather stupid conventions which, in fact, dominated the older schools of a class have been transported wholesale to those of another.

The merchant's or the professional man's son, instead of being inspired by mercantile enterprise or by scientific progress, is made to believe that all this sort of thing is "rather low" and of no account.

Therefore a boy whose whole tradition—an excellent one—is in making goods or selling them is told implicitly, not explicity, that all this is ignoble.

By the conventions of his school—conventions handed down from above by other schools with other traditions, and dealing with other classes of boys—he is misdirected in his rule of life.

There is no better example of what I mean by this than the very frank expression of opinion in *Sinister Street*. The author, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, is dealing with St. James's School—which is clearly St. Paul's, in West Kensington. He speaks there of the conventional contempt which the boys on the classical side had for those on the modern or scientific side. Therefore school convention in an essentially middle-class school causes them to despise the very arts and sciences on which the middle classes live and have their being.

This classical tradition of contempt for practical things did not belong to the St. Paul's School in the City of London, which was founded by John Colet to make little boys into good merchants, but came to it when it tried to expand itself into being a copy of Eton or Winchester—schools which have been for centuries centres of education for the young of the so-called governing class.

Now let me deal with other conventions of the schools as I know them myself and as they are illustrated by these young authors I have quoted.

The first of these, and by far the worst of these, is the traditional atmosphere which induces the boy to look down on the children of other and less expensive schools. While the spirit of amiable rivalry between schools of the same class is altogether admirable, it is monstrous to allow snobbery—which, may I interpolate, is derived from a word in Italian which means ignoble—to colour the young lives. Yet throughout the books which have been mentioned this

spirit prevails. In my time all boys attending the Government schools were called by us "hoys," probably a contraction from *οἱ πόλλοι*. You therefore at once set them on the wrong track. For this reason it would be of the highest public advantage if class schools could be abolished. Indeed, they do not exist in any way to the same extent in Italy or Germany. Often have I waited with ancient nobles and counts in Florence at the public secondary school in the Via Cavour for their children to be released at noon. In these schools the young of all grades in society are educated. In Pomerania the sons of the most ancient families, the hated Junkers, attend the town and village schools with the sons of their tenants and farm labourers.

The effect of this in England is to cause an unnatural cleavage between the upper- or upper middle-class boys and those of the other classes.

At the present time this evil, which in the past only affected a narrow class, is extended in its effects to the children of practically anyone who can wear a black coat—who, in fact, attend the grammar schools of the country. These look down with supreme contempt on the board-school youngsters, just as Eton looks down on the grammar school.

It is altogether disintegrating and corrupting. A by-product of this snobbery is seen in the fact that the young at most of these schools acquire conservative and reactionary opinions just because they are taught to look upon themselves as pseudo- or quasi-aristocrats. It is as unnatural for the young to be conservative as it is for a dragoon to go on foot. Those who belong to the future should, in the nature of things, be foremost in striving to make it nobler than the past.

Moreover, England is unique in this respect, for the vast majority of students of foreign universities and schools are among the most advanced thinkers.

It is possible to ascribe a good proportion of the backwardness of the British in adopting new and approved methods, both in agriculture and in industries, in town planning as well as, say, light railways, to the snobbish conservatism induced by the school atmosphere.

It may be permitted to me to speak with some feeling in this matter, because in the early days of cycling very

often the drivers of dogcarts deliberately tried to run over me, and when motors were first introduced it was not uncommon for cattle to be driven to block my way.

The successful grocer, even when he is not a peer or a baronet, in our happy land is often as aristocratic as the stage duke; and what is worse, ignoring his own ancestry, he does his best to make his children as great snobs as himself.

We now come to the convention which makes success in athletics more respected than mental acquirements. Up to a point there is no doubt that sports, especially those in which many take part, afford an education in themselves. In fact, it would be a bad day for our country if our youth gave up the practice of healthy games.

This is altogether different from the worship which little boys are encouraged to offer to mere muscular superiority. It will be seen throughout the pages of the books referred to that the boys in the eleven or the fifteen are almost treated as gods—have, in fact, much of the same position as was given to the gladiator in the days of Rome's decline.

Often people speak of the position given to athletic proficiency as handed down in the schools from the past as part of our traditional training. I do not think this is correct, because from all that I learnt from my father about his experiences at Eton in the early part of the last century, while fair attention was then given to games, they seem certainly not to have had the importance in school life which they possess to-day. However that may be, this is certainly overdone now. As in everything else, much more attention should be paid to the boy's natural bent, his temperamental inclinations, than the present system allows. It is as ridiculous to try to force a boy who does not care for games to play compulsory football as it is to make a physical coward act his part in the firing trenches. Education should always aim at developing the natural inclinations of the child, and the attempt at standardising youth as practised at our schools is a sin against Nature.

Another and equally important question is brought out in the evidence supplied by these works. Most reasonable people would agree that a part at least of the duty incurred in the supervision of the upbringing of children must always be to inspire them to acts of chivalry, in teaching

them that the weaker must be defended by the stronger as one of the primary privileges of strength. Let us see how far this is understood in these schools as shown in the evidence before us. In every case the new boy, instead of being, as he ought to be, considered as one needing assistance, is treated with almost callous brutality. The little fellow, arriving with high hopes in his new adventure at a Public School, is either left severely alone or treated to some form of personal brutality which causes him pangs which we who have outgrown our memory cannot revisualise. There is no cruelty known to man greater than that which a child brought up in a home under the care of his parents may be caused to suffer in the first weeks of his life at a Public School. Is this right? In the first place, is it a wise system of education which so neglects the primary principles of courtesy as to allow, if not to encourage, the elder and more experienced boys in so treating a new comrade? Secondly, is it humane to allow the little fellow, with all the vicissitudes of life before him, to be enforced to incur these earlier and quite meretricious troubles? It may be a cranky view of life which I take, but it seems to me altogether a wrong system, vulgarising the senior and causing grievous suffering to the junior.

It is too often forgotten that the child suffers more acutely than the man, that his nerves are nearer to the surface, and that his young spirit is less attuned to suffering. Yet for the callously acclaimed purpose of hardening the boy—as if men were not hard enough already without going out of our way to do it—the system forces the mother to relinquish her natural duty in looking after her offspring—he is sent into the maelstrom of a Public School.

A relative of mine—a mother with tears running down her cheeks in parting with her little boy of ten—was asked why she allowed him to go. "They say," she said, "that he must be hardened. Poor little kid!" To this I replied that, having travelled in most countries, I had not noticed that the mothers of Italians, or French, or Germans, or Russians were called upon to sacrifice their young for the purpose of hardening them, and that I could not really see that our system had produced a finer breed of men than in those countries.

Now let me touch but lightly on another and very im-

portant matter alluded to in the books to which I have referred all through, but not, of course, treated in detail. During the first three months of my residence in a Public School I heard more nastiness than can be told here. The unrestricted intercourse between the older boys and the younger ones may be good, is good up to a certain point. It often calls forth a certain sentiment of chivalry, and even if this sentiment is not altogether dissociated from passion it may not do harm. But, at any rate, this danger should be faced frankly. The encouragement of the young to adulate boys showing physical superiority, combined with retaining young men in a school up to eighteen or nineteen in close association with mere children of twelve to fourteen, and at the same time putting every social and disciplinary obstacle in the way of the elders having natural and friendly intercourse with women, is fraught with the greatest danger and is the direct cause of much disaster in life.

This is a question about which it is not possible to say much, but I have done my duty if, in mentioning it, I have caused some few to pause and consider. There is quite enough about it, to any person who knows Public School life, in the three works mentioned.

In conclusion, there are so many admirable things to be said about our Public Schools that one feels it to be a pity that all those things which are healthy and of good repute in them are not retained and the others scrapped.

On the other hand—in this I am uttering most heterodox doctrines—the day school is a better and more natural means of education than the boarding school. The former allows the youth to remain under the influence of the mother, while also mixing with his fellows and peers in school-time.

It is difficult for me to believe that Public School conventions, as now known, are a proper substitute for home influence; nor can I ever be persuaded that the so-called hardening is necessary in a world which, at least as it appears to me, requires softening down rather than stiffening up.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

One of the most welcome features of the present situation is a very remarkable impulse towards the improvement of our song literature. Singers, some of them for the first time in their lives, are realising that their self-respect demands the inclusion in their programmes, occasionally, of a good English song. A select little band of them have even got so far as to exclude the irretrievably bad ones, but these are exhibitions of temperamental altruism at which the average professional musician looks askance. Competition is too acute to encourage such quixotic behaviour, and material interest points the other way. So long as singers are specially paid to sing bad music, as they often are at present, it is only the small minority of genuine music-lovers among them who will be sufficiently disinterested to prefer a good song on which there is no royalty to a bad one on which a fee is obtainable. The encouraging circumstance is that this minority is gathering strength, and shaming others by its example. To some extent this may be due to the larger share allotted to the English language in vocal recitals of the better class. It was manifestly impossible to replace the banished German Lied by an assortment of insipid ballads, and singers were committed to a voyage of discovery among the cupboards of our best composers which, unknown to them, contained a mass of good material, that is to say, material rejected with scorn by the balladmongers. I will not say that it was all, or even mostly, of the quality which belongs to masterpieces. Still, many composers had been feeling their way towards a nobler type of art-song, and a few of them had travelled some distance in that direction. But, however good their intentions, they needed encouragement. It was altogether too disheartening to be almost invariably refused a hearing by publishers, and by singers under contract to them. Occa-

sionally one or other of them would be caught up in the wheels of the ballad industry, and then we were given the distressing spectacle of an artistic conscience gradually, but ruthlessly, destroyed by commercial tyranny. Now that a good song has a reasonable prospect of being heard, if not in the ballad circuses, at least in the haunts of music-lovers, and may even find its way into print, I am in hopes that the system, a peculiarly rotten one, will claim no fresh victims. The path of the composer towards his ideal will never be an easy one, but at least its artificial barriers can be broken down, and that is what I have seen happening at a number of recent concerts. I forgo the mention of names, as any omission, however accidental on my part, would be liable to misinterpretation.

I do not think there can be any doubt of the moral unsoundness of the existing system, but, since the legislation was enacted which deals with secret commissions, it has often occurred to me that even its legal soundness was not beyond question, and I should be grateful if some music-loving lawyer would look into the question. It does not arise, of course, where a publisher gives his own concerts, for he has as much right as a theatrical manager to present the music in which he has sunk his capital, but such concerts are only a fraction of the evil. At others there are four parties to the transaction. A, a publisher, pays a fee to B, a singer, for singing a certain song, not on its merits, but for the sole purpose of converting it into a "best-seller." Obviously it is not a noble type of song, to say the least of it, that will be given that kind of send-off. C, who is giving the concert, may, or may not, be aware of the transaction, or if he be aware of it, he may, if his instincts are only commercial, raise no objection to it. But there remains D, who has bought a ticket which is in its essence a contract. He may be a genuine music-lover, or he may have been merely attracted by the name of some much-advertised singer, but he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. Is it not his right to be informed on the face of his contract what commissions are being paid in respect of the musical fare he has purchased? Are they not legally, as well as morally, secret commissions? D is in complete ignorance which song is being sung because it is good music, and which because it is supposed to have the money-making

qualities of a patent medicine. He may be able to judge for himself, but more often he is not. That does not, however, affect his right to legal protection any more than it does in other contracts coming under the legislation to which I have referred. If he buys a piano he is entitled to know to what extent the adviser who has guided his choice is financially interested. When he buys a hearing of a song has he no similar right? The commission itself may be quite legal. It is the secrecy that I impugn. It will be quite enough for my purpose if publication is enforced on the programme. As I have remarked before, the British public has no definite prejudice in favour of bad music, but it has a very decided one against being imposed upon.

I am quite aware that, in raising this question, I am incurring the enmity of a vast army of singers, who will see a portion of their income threatened at a time when no professional artist can afford to look upon decreased earnings with equanimity. Let me reassure them. Only the most conscienceless of them have an interest in perpetuating the present system. The others would quickly benefit by its abolition. Even now I feel convinced that if a number of our most respected singers were to advertise on every occasion a statement to the effect that their choice of songs was governed solely by their artistic judgment, and that they declined royalties on principle, not only would their artistic standing be considerably enhanced, but they would find their commercial value as performers increased, so soon as the public realised what had happened. And the public is not so dense as some of its critics affect to believe.

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The Milky Way

By Hon. 2nd-Lt. R. H. Tetley

In our last issue we endeavoured by a no means exhaustive effort to convey some idea of the extravagance and mismanagement of the Food Production Department so far as increased cereal crops were concerned. Of the mess made by the Department over the preservation of fruits and vegetables we may be able to give some account at a later date. Meanwhile "NO JAM" may be added to the bulletins.

The task immediately before us is to revert to our previous article and consider what ought to have been done and whether and how it is at this later date possible to gain and pursue the road of prudence, economy, and safety.

It is by now clear that our Board, being unable to give us food and wishing to earn their money, have determined on a Variety Entertainment. Last year the rollicking farce "Concentrated Corn" filled the bill, but the stage has been re-set and the curtain rung up on "Mr. Prothero and the Potato Patch"—presumably in silent confession of the collapse of the corn scheme—with the pig once more in the limelight.

Now potatoes and pork would undeniably constitute a dish in the national larder at which we could cut and come again, but so far as getting them is concerned we are simply inviting a repetition of last year's corn fiasco. The only way to produce them, or anything else, in substantially increased abundance is by a policy, undeviatingly pursued, *which commends itself to the farmer* FROM THE START. To persuade him to a new departure is all collar work and the hill is long and steep. Moreover, hardly has his right ear recovered from the clamour of "Be a patriot and grow more corn" than his left is assailed by "Be a patriot and plant

more potatoes"; whilst, his mind confused by a multiplicity of orders, he is wondering whether next year he will be bombarded with statistics on the comparative productivity of the sweet chestnut.

Let it, however, be clearly understood that nothing is intended to constitute an attack on individuals. Our object is rather to emphasise the vast experience in particular directions and the high calibre of intellect of some of those involved, to exhibit their failure in bas relief, to suggest that only by reason of our neglect to equip them or some one of them with untrammelled power can such a catastrophic failure be explained, to urge again the appointment of a Dictator and to argue in detail in its favour.

"A Dictator?" "Never!" will the man in the street declare; "contrary to every idea of British liberty and every principle of democracy."

But consider. Have we not had Dictators for centuries? What else are our Judges, removable only upon an address by both Houses? Do not the powers of reducing from riches to poverty, of releasing one from or condemning one's future life to the burden of the marriage tie, nay, the power even of life or death, constitute Dictatorial powers?—and how often have any of our Judges in fact been removed?

These considerations will serve, perhaps, to wash the nasty taste of the word out of our mouths and help us to reflect with unbiased mind that there may be some virtue in the medicine.

Since war distintegrates and tends to revert us to primitive conditions, it is not without interest to consider the patriarchal life. The Book of Genesis is filled with references to herds, milk, and butter, but we have to wait nearly five hundred years before we find any mention of the plough. Milk, human or animalian, is the first necessity of the babe, the support of the aged, frequently the main or only nourishment of the sick, and a food at all ages. In the preparation of butter and cheese we obtain valuable by-products, buttermilk and whey, for the fattening of pigs, and from milk itself is made artificial ivory and translucent sheets which lend themselves to exquisite colouring for decorative purposes; so that in the unlikely event of production ever exceeding our national requirements for food, the surplus could be used industrially.

In the train of a solution of the milk problem it will be seen that increased corn production, larger herds, and more pigs will follow automatically.

Long before the war an increasing shortage of milk became apparent, and prices rose steadily. The Board of Agriculture, if at all interested in these occurrences, took no practical steps. Meanwhile, farmers accepted the rising prices, which were almost thrown at their heads, without any great manifestations of joy, the explanation of this being that they regarded the increase as largely the result of a purchasing combine having been proposed, with the possible eventual result of there being only one buyer and a slump to any figure that one might offer.

At that stage, of course (as in the cases of bank amalgamations), anything in the nature of Government action would have been premature. It would have been time to contemplate that only after there had been created a huge and watered capital and vested interests which would have to be bought out.

War broke out, and the matter became more imperatively urgent; the Board continued its policy of masterly inactivity. Do not, however, let us abuse it, but instead kick ourselves hard for having such a Board.

Followed successive Milk Price Orders, a steady diminution in the supply of concentrated foods, and the unhappy Maximum Price Order, and we eventually receive from Mr. Prothero the explanation that it had been difficult to fix milk prices, as "he had got to keep the milk producers still in trade, and yet work a flat rate which should not give an excessive profit to those who produced the milk most cheaply" (Debate, February 14th, 1918).

It is not easy to discover the basis of such a policy, but since fixed prices and flat rates have been instituted it follows that some must be obtaining too high a price and some too low. That, however, is not so material as the fact that a more profound discouragement to the economical producer—the very man we should help—can hardly be conceived.

He it is who, by years of care and study, has weeded out poor milkers and established a herd of high yield, paid a very tall figure for a bull of established milking pedigree, and conducted innumerable experiments to ascertain

comparative cattle-food values. Every ounce of concentrated food given to his cows pulls its weight, whereas the producer, who apparently has Mr. Prothero's sympathy, is feeding his herd nearly if not quite so highly and getting perhaps half the milk.

A cow when dry requires a "maintenance" ration only, but when in milk an additional ration. Experts are substantially in agreement as to the values required, but for convenience we are relying on Garrad and Macintosh's researches from Wye College.

The maintenance ration for, say, a 1,200 lb. cow would have a value in digestible protein of ·84 lb., and in starch equivalent of 7·50 lb.; and if yielding 1 gallon per day, a production ration with ·58 lb. digestible protein and 2·50 lb. starch equivalent; or if yielding 3 gallons daily, with 1·74 lb. digestible protein and 7·50 lb. starch equivalent. At first sight, therefore, it would seem policy to feed up the 1-gallon cow with a 3-gallon production ration. This, however, would be *absolute* waste, as, given an *adequate* ration, production depends on the secretive power of the animal. This absolute waste is, unfortunately, far too prevalent, especially where mixed farming is carried on with insufficient skilled labour. Moreover, if the combined maintenance and production rations of a 1-gallon cow be compared with those of a 3-gallon cow, it will be seen that *proportionate* waste occurs with the former; indeed, unless in exceptional circumstances, a 1-gallon cow does not pay, and many farmers, through insufficiency of milk records, have continually maintained unprofitable animals. We are, however, now so hard up that we cannot at present discard these low milkers, but bulls of high strain should be introduced to improve so far as possible the milking qualities of their future offspring. Quality and quantity are usually and in the main in inverse ratio, but quantity with the minimum fat content would be our immediate aim. With the above data before us, the folly of the flat-rate ration of 4 lb. of concentrated food per milch cow prescribed by the Board becomes glaringly apparent, and this indiscriminating ration was determined at the very time when one of the Board's officials was impressing on a dairy farmer that 3 lb. per gallon was the ascertained quantum. *The result will be that the high milkers will be let down.*

It will be obvious that to obtain 150 gallons daily from 60 cows (average 2½ gallons), less food, less pasture, and less labour will be needed than for 75 cows yielding 2 gallons each, or for 100 with an average of 1½ gallons. Moreover, when herds return in spring to the pastures, not being tethered, as is frequently done on the Continent, the animals wander about selecting tit-bits and trampling much valuable herbage underfoot, so that the smaller numbers would be less wasteful in this respect. Unfortunately, this waste principally occurs when the meadows are most lush and when the food values are at the highest—so high, in fact, that at this season no concentrated food is needed (whilst when feeding on aftermath or in the autumn and winter it becomes necessary to give extra feed in increasing quantities). If labour admitted, it would be an economy in the spring to cut the grass and feed the cattle in the yard. Hay, although made from grass, has considerably decreased values. Cottonseed, linseed, earthnut, and cocoanut cakes all have high and peas and beans medium values.

A hundred years ago our farmers had no cottonseed or cocoanut cake, nor, in fact, any imported foods; they had no guano or nitrates from Chili, whilst the Sassfurt deposits were in the womb of time. Yet on farmyard manure, lime, salt, and soot they produced milk of excellent quality and some of the finest corn ever grown, such concentrated food as was given being home-grown.

Linseed is of very high value, and the flax from which it is obtained was grown, prior to the cotton era, in considerable quantity in England. The flax is now badly needed, Russia having been the main source of supply, so that there would be a double inducement to the farmer to grow it. (*Vide* Mr. Joynson Hicks in Debate of February 21st, 1918.)

Another crop which might be made indigenous here is the giant Russian sunflower. So far back as October, 1912, our Armchair Board published some particulars of the Russian crop, and there the matter rested. A trial last year on sewage land gave a yield over twice as heavy as the maximum reported by the Board. The seed with half the husk yields on expression 14 per cent. to 18 per cent. of an oil of the highest class, stated to equal the best Lucca; and the residuary cake is of very high value for cattle food,

nearly all the Russian having been taken formerly by Roumania.

Need we say that months, nay, years, ago the German was exhorted to raise the sunflower (and the rabbit), whilst we are just hearing the first faint bleatings of our Board on the subject?

With this necessarily sketchy outline on milk production we suggest the following procedure:

1. As to the County Committees. Thank the kind gentlemen for their valuable services, distribute Orders of Well-Intentioned Persons, and say good-morning.

2. As to the farmers. Approach these directly, individually, and through the Farmers' Unions. Apologise (1) for half a century's neglect; (2) for considering them fools enough to be deluded by the buttering process to which they have been treated; (3) for having under a misguided policy compulsorily put under the plough land which in their opinion should have been left pasture. In a word, convince them of our good intentions and hold sweet converse, and, apart from doing belated justice, remember that *one cannot make the horse drink.*

3. Ascertain the farmer's intentions and desires. If he milks, what were his contract quantities last year—what his herd and what his bull's pedigree. Does he look to increase, maintain, or diminish his milking? If he wishes to start milking, what does he contemplate? Make him an offer on these lines: "If you will push your milk, for every x gallons of excess production of next year over that of last we will pay you £y. If you fail to exceed it, there is no penalty. Remember that concentrated food will be distributed proportionately on the basis of past production. But if you also will plough w acres of pasture and sow thereon (here follows an optional list of crops intended for concentrated food)* the first year, and corn twice (wheat once) in a four-year rotation, we will increase £y by 50 per cent." Promise and provide mechanical or horsed cultivation and labour at *market rates.* The farmer does not ask or desire Christmas season mutualities. Arrange for col-

* Immediately the national stock of concentrated food in sight, *i.e.* actually imported, or undertaken to be grown, is adequate to the season, potatoes can be made the preferential crop.

lective transport of milk from farm to rail. The number of farmers sending twice a day to rail a distance of anything up to about four miles, beyond which horsed transport becomes impracticable, is enormous, and the waste of horseflesh and men, lads or women useful on the farm, correspondingly large.

4. Intensive, decentralised, and personal propaganda on store-feeding is imperative. Articles in the Board's monthly Journal are effort thrown away.

We are thus on the line of least resistance, for farmers incline to the cow and the beast—partly through labour conditions, partly on account of the resulting manure (particularly that from the beasts), which is of high value and especially desirable on lands deficient in humus.

Remain the purely contumacious (a small class) and those who for some valid reason object both to dairy-farming and to conversion of pasture specifically for cereal cultivation.

As to the former, there are in existence ample powers to deal drastically with these. As to the latter, should any question be raised as to the validity of the objection, the matter could be reported on by a committee *of farmers*, not of those resident in the actual locality, but of those in a reasonably adjacent neighbourhood, so as to obviate any suspicion of prejudice.

Motor transport will enlarge the zones from which milk may be conveyed to advantage for immediate direct consumption, but there still remain considerable areas in which contour or remoteness from rail render it less advantageous to deal with it in that form. In such districts the excellent preliminary work done by the Agricultural Organisation Society in inducing the formation of co-operative factories should be enlarged. So far as possible, unpressed cheese should be made as retaining more of the fats and solids of the milk, and the whey by-product should be fed to pigs, farmers having rights to the whey proportionate to the milk sent in. These remoter and hilly areas are frequently well-wooded, but there is no labour available to collect the fruits of the oak, the chestnut, and the beech. Pigs turned out will obviate this waste to their own great advantage, leaving the pasture which they might otherwise require for the beasts. They also do well on land infested with

bracken. A bonus might be paid on pig production. (*Vide* letters in the *Times* of March 2nd, 1918.)

The two Goat Societies should be called in to help, and aided, financially and otherwise, in propaganda. It is not so much that bulk milk could be had by this means, but that the keeping of a goat each by several villagers would release for town consumption about 50 per cent. more cows' milk than the volume produced by the goats, the milk of the latter being much richer, with the fat more finely divided, and especially suitable for children. An addition to the local meat supply would be found in the kids, the flesh of which is very palatable. The animal is, moreover, fed cheaply and easily, and to a large extent on gorse, heather, hedge-clippings, and garden refuse which cows will not touch.

The mechanical ploughing system should be thoroughly overhauled. Small fields should be left to the horse-plough, and the tractors concentrated and be in immediate charge of a foreman mechanic, who would carry a stock of principal spare parts and be empowered to temporarily commandeer the nearest workshop in cases of emergency. The "Engineers" should follow the County Committees. This will deprive many no doubt estimable individuals of the opportunity of careering round their locality at the country's expense, and incidentally getting up nice connections for post-war trade, but it can't be helped. Transport of fuel should be the work of the supplies' clerk, and the supervisor's scope of work and authority extended, whilst his idiotically framed and voluminous weekly report (a direct incentive to fabricated returns) should be supplanted by something pithy and to the point. The tractor representatives, unnecessary cogs in the machine, should disappear. Nearly all the officials at Victoria Street engaged on ponderous inquiries about trivial detail should be given a holiday or really usefully employed. The higher officials should all be elevated to the Peerage. Finally, a military atmosphere and commercial methods do not combine.

There is a scheme in rough-hewn shape. A mass of detail arises on it. Much of this detail has been considered, but could not be dealt with in an article of this description. But if practicable, as we believe, it could only be brought

to fruition by a Dictator. To endeavour to carry it through by a Department would be to damn it. The ineradicable red tape, the incompetence of the individual, the everlasting "Reference your minute P 21," the hostility of vested interests, and the obstruction of other Departments would deprive it of all chance of success. Landed proprietors who object to this, that, or the other must be ruthlessly pushed aside. Foreign Offices which urge that facilities must be given to the well-disposed neutrals in Waterania for imports of copra must be disregarded. Food is more vital than fresh friends whose friendship is of doubtful calibre.

Yet, though absolute in his own province, there would be a qualified embargo on the Dictator's powers—if it be not a contradiction in terms to so put it. Another Government Department could "block" his action—this being by way of interim and temporary injunction. The "block" would be immediately considered by a permanently sitting committee composed partly of legislators, partly of farmers or their expert nominees, and the committee would dissolve or continue the "block."

Of the necessity, of the urgent and vital necessity of such an appointment it would not be easy to find more positive proof than appears in the piteous explanations of Lord Rhondda (House of Lords, February 28th, 1918) as to his own continuous cry for this and that and the Board's consistent call for the other.

Invertebrate and attacked by a creeping paralysis, our representatives listen in a voiceless stupor to tales of almost inconceivable waste and incompetence. Better then before liberty to starve is the only one of our liberties left to hand them over to one man and let him put them to what uses he may.

Man in the street, *the wolf is at your door!* Composure and putting your head under the bedclothes will not drive him away. Representatives who do not represent are useless, but voice is still left to you and to your million fellows. Raise it in one long, loud, insistent cry. Then the *hour* will have struck—surely the *man* will be there.

Will there be an Offensive?

By Major Stuart-Stephens

THE most interesting question naturally as to the order of coming events is, "Who is going to open this year's campaign on the Western front?" The Governments of Britain, France, and the Central Empires have been demanding from their peoples the accumulation for the 1918 campaign in France of a military strength that should represent something like the utmost of their capacity, and therefore I anticipated that all three of the colossal armies would be engaged with an extremity of vigour that must surely bring operations on the Western front to a long-delayed decision. But when I asked myself which of the executants was going to take the *premier pas* in the grisly dance of death, I found myself at once exploring the wide regions of conjecture. If I sought for guidance in what knowledge I have derived from some thirty years' study of the war doctrine of the Berlin Greater General Staff and from my personal acquaintance with the directors of the Teutonic war machine, acquired when employed on secret military missions in Germany and in Germany's Colonial possessions by the French Ministry of War, I at once looked forward to the enemy dealing a sledge-hammer blow in anticipation of a potential Anglo-French offensive *en masse*. This was to be expected, because German military leaders and experts have in the past passionately upheld the advantage of getting in an anticipatory offensive. *Inter alia*, I may remind my readers that in this REVIEW* during the last two years I have dwelt on this aspect of German strategy, my conclusions being fortified by conversations with General Bronsort von Schlenderdorf, sometime Prussian Minister of War, and author of that text-book of the military world on the subject, *The Duties*

* "A Lesson from Secret Service in Germany," September, 1916; "What is Hindenburg's Plan?" June, 1917; and "Is it an Offensive-Defensive?" April, 1917.

of the General Staff; and his colleague, von Mikel, the creator of the modern Japanese Army, and the devoted pupil of the last-named, one Colonel von Hindenburg, now Generalissimo of the Central Empires' armies.

But now (I am writing on March 12th) that two and a half months of the new year have come and gone without anything happening to overcome the *vis inertia* of the enormous numerical masses which the military collapse of Russia has enabled the enemy to mass against our glorified "Torres Vedras lines," one begins to wonder if Hindenburg has not recently been re-reading certain little-known portions of von Moltke's "Commentaries," where, in the course of long ponderings on the lessons of 1870, that great master of the art of war coquetted with the question of the possible superiority of the defensive as a principle in the encounter between the vast armies which he foresaw would in the warfare of the future be found confronting each other. Von Moltke was drawn into these reflections, I conceive, by the experience of the terrible punishment he had seen—notably on the death-slopes of St. Privat—inflicted on an assailant by a well-posted defender. Von Moltke's conclusion, after arguing out deliberately the pros and cons of a hypothetical situation not at all dissimilar to that now existing in France, was to plant yourself where your presence would be intolerable to the enemy, thus forcing him to attack you on your own ground, in which process he would weaken his manpower in the effort to oust you, and so probably exhaust himself before being called to face a *coup de main* in force. And, indeed, from this point of view, it might well appear that the enemy's Higher Command has been tempted to hark back to von Moltke in his more timid moments. It has installed a vast fighting force in a position where its continued presence is certainly intolerable to us, and which involves on our part a series of costly local attacks which lead to no effective decision in the Western campaign as a whole. And yet there is a puzzling feature about these ding-dong tactics. Von Moltke founded his occasional predilection for the defensive on its power of inflicting greater damage than it receives. Are we losing more men and material at the present comatose stage than the enemy? If we are not suffering more than the enemy in this interminable series of minor combats, as, according to the news

received daily from France, is the case, then why does not Hindenburg put up his much-advertised attack *en masse*? A possible answer to this question is another hypothesis: that Hindenburg, after months of preparation, is not ready, and will not be until he has collected an immense striking force *somewhere* in the rear of his line—a force which in guns (owing to the withdrawal of nearly every battery from Russia) and in "cannon fodder" will surpass anything that even this war of giants has yet witnessed. The Iron Duke was described by Victor Hugo as a battering-ram that levelled the wall that stood in his path—a description which the great poet at once went on to qualify by comparing the "Little Corporal" with a tidal wave that effaced the landscape. In connection with the comparison of the "tidal wave" experiment, the keenness of the enemy to recover valuable observation ridges in Champagne looks exceedingly like as though a great attack was intended in a region the communications of which with its particular German base are singularly favourable to the maintenance at the front of, comparatively speaking, almost unlimited reserves. Another explanation might be found of the present state of things in that the very extraordinary conditions which have gradually gone on increasing in this greatest of all wars have produced a new unknown factor which has so far neutralised all the calculations of the staff colleges of the several belligerents. Both British and French have over and over again taken months to prepare for our annual "big push," which was to overcome the organised resistance immediately opposed to it, only at the last moment, for want of momentum, to fail to carry it through. Of course, it is the excessive proportion of heavy guns on both sides which is ultimately at the bottom of this *vis inertia* of the armies of to-day. Before the war the General Staff of every Great Power was so obsessed with the idea that a campaign of positions was a thing of the past that it devoted all its time, means, and opportunity to preparation for a war of manœuvre.

When, therefore, after the lessons of December, 1914, we found ourselves with siege operations on a hitherto undreamt-of scale, there was a complete want of balance in the Staffs of the British and French, for the responsibility devolving on the artillery and engineers corps during

the period of transition completely upset the normal proportion of work at Headquarters in London and Paris, and there was no co-ordinating mind in either our own or the French General Staff to settle the urgent claims before all others of the new monster artillery and of the engineers' services to combat their effect. Time had to elapse before big guns and siege stores could be ready for delivery, and in the meantime without their assistance our operations were feeble and inconclusive in presence of the enemy's monster armament. And now that we are all armed alike, we are all alike tied by the heels to the big guns. None of us, on one side or the other, can advance beyond a short distance in the attempt to initiate a campaign in the open until some eighty-seven tons of titanic ordnance is anchored on a new concrete bed—and all this means only one 16-inch howitzer. And so each new feature of this war of engineering and chemistry in turn neutralises itself. How the gods must laugh at us mortals and our bold bids for mutual extermination!

The great essential at the present stage of this year's campaign on the Western front is not so much to strike with special fury on one sector as to strike everywhere with equal force. We can never hope for anything leading to a substantial success, if followed up, until we and the French together are found operating in an active offensive over a front of ninety to a hundred miles. It is such a widening of strenuous attack that is really calculated to try the enemy in France beyond his defensive endurance. Armies are too vast in this war for trumpery yet costly ten-kilometre penetrations to lead to anything but the belated appearance in the Press of artistically apologetic despatches. As principles are governed by existing conditions, let us glance at the position of the enemy's line, and then consider the possibility of its being broken, and that with reference to the only true objective for such an operation. The German armies aligned in Flanders and France form a huge zig-zag running from near Ostend to Noyon, from thence to Verdun, and from Verdun to near Basle, the upper half of which constitutes an extensive salient with its apex pointing to the French capital, the lower a re-entrant the nose of which is directed to Metz. The northern extremity of the salient rests on the sea and the marshes of Flanders, the southern

on the Ardennes, flanked on one side by Arras and on the other by Verdun. The Ardennes are an obstacle, and though several railways cross them, the natural lines of communication as far as Germany is at present concerned run between their northern edge and the Dutch frontier, a small gap with Liège as its centre. From this point the railways and roads splay fan-shaped westward. The result is that the Germans have every facility that communication and security can give them. Thus they can reinforce any position of this salient against a *single* attack more rapidly than the British and French can reinforce a *single* attacking army. Should, however, a dual offensive in force be launched, one from the direction of Arras eastwards towards Namur, and the other from near Rheims north-eastward towards the confluence of the Sambre and Meuse, the communications in the angle formed by the lines of advance of these attacks would be severed one after another, with the result that the enemy's armies between Arras and Rheims must either fight or fall back. If the Germans were compelled to adopt the latter course, the continual shifting from one line of supply to another would create such overwhelming confusion that a retirement on such a front would mean to Germany a loss of four to five hundred thousand men.

But, I much fear me, such a stroke will not be possible of accomplishment until a million American troops are in being as reserves in rear of our Western lines. As there is a certain embarrassment in discussing the prospects of Allied strategy, even in its comparatively remote aspect, so far as the inevitably necessary double offensive directed next year at Liège is concerned, let us turn the thing round and regard it from the point of view of the Berlin General Staff. The Grosser-General Stab is a terrifically immediate thing in its impact on the war. Remembering that its invariable principle, unlike that of ours, is to strike at the line of least resistance, may it not be possible that, the much-advertised tidal wave experiment to the contrary, the policy of the enemy may be frankly to recognise the condition of *vis inertia* in which the situation on the Western theatre is at present, and suddenly to strike a lightning blow at a vantage point elsewhere on the Coalition's immense European front? Relieved of all anxiety so far as Russia is concerned, is it

not highly probable that the enemy will withdraw a modicum of their best troops from Italy to strike elsewhere, leaving older and inferior troops to hold the Austrian Alps, which are, next to our Indian North-West frontier, incomparably the strongest natural defences on the face of the globe. This is assuming that the idea of an offensive for Italy (which appeared to be perfectly sound when our gallant Allies were, with the aid of air lines, on the top of the hills, or nearly so) may be impossible of immediate renewal, now that they are at the bottom. It took Italy's forces two and a half years to attain the altitude which she lost in last autumn's German *tour de force*, and she is now many miles down the plains from the point she had advanced northward when she at length came into the war. And if Germany favours a new offensive in the Near East, instead of making this spring an advance in force across the peninsula on Genoa, the Italian campaign will, without doubt, degenerate into another deadlock such as prevails in France. Where, then, would fresh German activity present itself? Turkey is perhaps in the greatest need of assistance, but Berlin cannot afford to send any substantial number of troops there in the presence of more urgent requirements. The favoured claimant is Bulgaria, and the best service that Germany could do for the Coburger's realm would be an invasion of Greece. The Hellenic kingdom is vitally essential to the maintenance of the Mid-European *bloc*, and it would appear almost certain that the moment the German General Staff has satisfied itself that the Italian, French, and British offensive in the peninsula has come to a standstill, Germany, casting about for a weak spot, will sweep down upon Greece, probably by way of the left wing of the Allied armies holding Salonika, and the downfall of Greece would, with the possession by the Germans of its harbours, result in the temporary isolation of our huge Egyptian garrison and the placing of our forces in Palestine in a position of serious strategic inferiority. But was it sound strategy to lock up such large bodies of troops in Salonika and the land of the Pharaohs? I trow not. Given sufficient numbers, almost all things are possible; but seldom is an army in such preponderating strength that it can afford to squander its numbers to make good its deficiency in skill and its neglect of the eternal first prin-

ciples of strategy—for, as Virgil says, "it troubleth not the wolf how many the sheep be"—numbers are not everything. In 1914 Germany, being for the time superior in men and munitions, could have won the war if she had methodically put in practice the theory of mass. She assumed the offensive, and, according to her elastic conception of treaties, swept through Belgium; nevertheless, she violated the true principle of mass by not advancing more slowly and bringing with her advancing host an additional five army corps. Had she harmonised mass and movement whilst putting into action the principles of security and economy of force on her Eastern front—that is, had Germany fought a delaying action against the Russians with the intention of gradually falling back to the fortified line of the Vistula long before the Russians could have crossed this line, which was immensely strong—she could have dealt a decisive blow at the French Army. Instead, she assumed a strong offensive in the East in spite of the fact that the vital principle of her true objective required every man she could spare on the West. The correct distribution of mass is known as economy of force—a principle of particularly difficult application by an unmilitary nation like Great Britain, which sees so many things at once.

The first great violation was, curiously enough, as I have just noted, not perpetrated by ourselves, but by the Germans, the most military race the world has ever seen, who, by neglecting to use their strength as the balancing factor between the principles of mass and security, won a battle—that of Mons—and lost the campaign of the rivers. We ourselves at home soon followed suit, and our War Office having set the ball rolling, our Admiralty, our Foreign, our Colonial, and our India Offices, apparently not to be left out in the cold, either engaged in or demanded subsidiary operations all over the globe, until we found ourselves fighting some dozen distinct campaigns, two of which, the Gallipoli and Mesopotamia expeditions, have absorbed hundreds of thousands of men. Had our General Staff at the War Office held fast to the first principles of war, such a squandering of power would have been impossible. Rightly our objective was in France and Belgium, for here was the enemy's main army. Here the war

began, and here will the decisive blow be struck when, with the aid of America, we launch a double offensive attack against Nemours.

Sea power and command of the sea are colossal assets, yet, incredible heresy as it may seem to us Britons, sea power is also a great seducer from the cardinal and unalterable principles of war. In the early days of the struggle with Napoleon we dissipated our forces in the affairs of Ferrol, Copenhagen, and even in Monte Video. To-day we have been repeating this doubtful strategy by our Levantine and other exploits, forgetting that if we carry fire and sword round and round the globe for a century the war will not be won until the German Army in France suffers a decisive defeat.

Merely to push back the Germans line by line would make the war interminable. Sending our possession of the requisite man-power to justify the projection of a double offensive directed at Namur, the oblique or échelon advance into the enemy's dispositions will prove to be the main feature of the next few months' programme. Lines will be cut across obliquely and on many sectors at once. Only thus shall we achieve results leading to the final victory. When may we look forward to such a relief of the world's agony? In considering the possible answer to this universal question, it must not be forgotten, notwithstanding that the Kaiser's great ancestor, the Prussian national hero "Old Fritz," had against him, for *five* consecutive years, Austria, Russia, France, Saxony, Sweden, and Poland, Fredrick II. made such good use of his interior position that for seven years he held his foes at bay till by a stroke of good fortune such as the defection which Russia has awarded to William II. he was able to make peace with them on his own terms. And even if it involves another Seven Years War, the determination of the Entente is to accept such a prospect, if otherwise peace cannot be obtained *on our own terms*. Such, at least, is the feeling in France as expressed to me on the 16th of last month by the statesmen who most truly represent the military and diplomatic policy of that great nation across the Channel, once our most chivalrous antagonist and now our most valiant ally.

A Dip into History

By Bernard Gilbert

No English writer has possessed more sagacity than Walter Savage Landor, and none better deserves the name of "great"; yet he is almost unknown to his countrymen, and his works are found on few shelves. In this he may be compared with Herman Melville to show how the Anglo-Saxon race ignores its rarest until generations of alien enthusiasts force them into prominence. Hardly any American has heard of Melville or knows the name of his masterpiece, the greatest sea story in the world, *The White Whale*. Literary greatness is measured by many rules, but if a man impresses us at first reading, and continually afterwards, and if we find that his observation of his fellows is true under varied circumstances and periods of time, we pay attention to him. If he reaches a high level of literary art, and is touched with passion and guided by truth, we are in the presence of a master; and it is for these reasons that Landor takes his place beside Shakespeare and Meredith in the highest circle of prose writers.

The "Imaginary Conversation" between Pitt and Canning is one of his highest flights, describing an unwritten bequest akin to that said to have been passed from one Tsar of Russia to another since the Great Peter, and is nothing but Machiavelli adapted to the soil and climate of England. Like the Italian original, it is read by reformers and enthusiasts at a dreadful risk, dashing as it does their illusions to the ground. Had Landor been a poor man, imprisonment and exile would have been the least consequence of his piercing eye.

But let our political zealots read these extracts and dip into history:—

"Canning: Among the rich families, or the ancient aristocracy of the kingdom——

"Pitt: Hold your tongue! I always hated these. I do not mean the rich: they served me. I mean the old

houses: they overshadowed me. There is hardly one that I have not disgraced or degraded, and I have filled them with smoke and sore eyes by raising a vassal's hut above them. I desire to be remembered as the founder of a new system in England: I desire to bequeath my office by will, a verbal one: and I intend that you, and those who come after you, shall do the same! . . .

"CANNING: Be comforted, sir! The worse the condition of the country, the greater is the want of us; the more power we shall possess, the more places we shall occupy and distribute.

"PITT: Statesmanlike reflection!

"CANNING: Those who have brought us into danger can alone bring us out has become a maxim of the English people.

"PITT: If they should ever be strong again, they would crush us.

"CANNING: We have lightened them; and having less ballast, they sail before the wind at the good pleasure of the pilot.

"PITT: I never believed in any future state; but I have made a very damnable one of the present, both for myself and others. We never were in such danger from without or from within. Moneylenders and money-voters are satisfied, the devil must be in them if they are not! But we have taken the younger children's fortunes from every private gentleman in Great Britain.

"CANNING: Never think about it!

"PITT: I have relatives and connections among them; if you had, you would sympathise. I feel as little as any man can feel for others; you excepted. And this utter indifference, this concentration, which inelegant men call selfishness, is among the reasons why I am disposed to appoint you my successor. You are aware that, should the people recover their senses, they would drive us in a dung-cart to the scaffold. *Me* they cannot: I shall be gone.

"CANNING: We must prevent the possibility: we must go on weakening them. The viper that has bitten escapes: the viper that lies quiet in the road is cut asunder.

"PITT: Why! Canning! I find in you both more reasoning and more poetry than I ever found before. . . . For a successful Minister three things are requisite on

occasion: to speak like an honest man, to act like a dishonest one, and to be indifferent what you are called. Talk of God as gravely as if you believed in Him. Unless you do this, I will not say what our Church does, you will be damned; but, what indeed is a politician's true damnation, you will be dismissed. Most very good men are stout partisans of some religion, and nearly all very bad ones. . . . Prevaricate as often as you can defend the prevarication, being close pressed: but, my dear Canning! never . . . I would say . . . come, come, let me speak it plainly: my dear fellow, never lie.

"CANNING: But, sir! Do you imagine I ever lied in my lifetime?

"PITT: The certainty that you never did makes me apprehensive that you would do it awkwardly, if the salvation of the country (the only case in question) should require it. I am presuming that you will become Prime Minister; you will then have plenty of folks to lie for you; and it would be as ungentlemanly to lie yourself as to powder your own hair or tie your own shoe-string. I usually had Dundas at my elbow, who never lied but upon his honour, or supported the lie but upon his God! . . . You may take many steps, and some very indirect ones; all which will only raise you in your own esteem, if you think like a politician. Be cautious not to treat Parliament as you may fancy it deserves, and not to believe that you have bought votes when you have paid the money for them.

"CANNING: Why, sir?

"PITT: Because it will be expected of you in addition to speak for a given space of time. The people must be made to believe that their representatives are *persuaded*: and a few plain words are never thought capable of effecting this. . . . Whenever the liberty or restriction of the Press is in debate, you will do wisely to sport a few touches of wit, or to draw out a few sentences of declamation on blasphemy. I have observed by the countenances of country gentlemen that there is something horrifying in the sound of the word, something that commands silence. . . . In the beginning of my career as Minister I sometimes wished that I could have been consistent. I have since found that inconsistency is taken as a proof of greatness in a politician. 'He knows how to

manage men; his great mind bends majestically to the impulse of the words.' These things are said. If you are induced by policy, or impelled by nature, to commit an action more ungenerous and more dishonest than usual; if at any time you shall have brought the country into worse disgrace or more imminent danger, talk and look bravely: swear, threaten, bluster: be witty, be pious: sneer, scoff: look infirm, look gouty: appeal to immortal God that you desire to remain in office so long only as you can be beneficial to your King and country: that however, at such a time as the present, you should be reluctant to leave the most flourishing of nations a prey to the wild passions of insatiate demagogues: and that nothing but the commands of your venerable sovran and the unequivocal voice of the people that recommended you to his notice shall ever make you desert the station to which the hand of Providence conducted you. They have keen eyes who can see through all these words! . . .

"Never consent to any reduction in the national expenditure. Consider what is voted by Parliament for public services as your own property. The largest estate in England would go but a little way in procuring you partisans and adherents; these loosely counted millions purchase them. I have smiled when people in the simplicity of their hearts applauded me for neglecting the aggrandisement of my fortune. Every rood of land in the British Dominions has a mine beneath it, or out of which, by a vote of Parliament, I oblige the proprietor to extract as much as I want, as often as I will. In Turkey I should have been strangled; in Algiers I should have been impaled; in Sweden I should have been pistoled at a public dinner or court ball; in England I am extolled above my father.

"Ah, Canning! how exultant was I when I first heard this acclamation! He was always thwarted, and always succeeded. I was always seconded, and always failed. He left the country flourishing; I leave it impoverished, exhausted, ruined."

"For the Duration"!

By Austin Harrison

"ALL the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war; no great art ever yet rose on earth but among a nation of soldiers. There is no art among a shepherd people if it remains at peace. There is no art among an agricultural people if it remains at peace. . . . When I tell you that war is the foundation of all the arts, I mean also that it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men." So wrote, no German professor, but our own gentle Ruskin, who was reputed a wise man, and so perhaps we may find consolation in Armageddon now extending from the New World to the Far East. The more men speak of war to end war, the wider its scope extends. The louder we talk of "crushing militarism," the greater the power of militarism reveals itself. The fiercer men denounce Imperialism, the more intense it shows its Hydra reality. The higher we place our principles and ideals, the more confused and irreconcilable they become before the supreme test of interest which in the common madness of war threatens to engulf civilisation from the shamrock to the chrysanthemum.

Gradually the interests of the struggle are growing clearer as the final issue, whether of Imperialism or Democracy, tends to shift farther afield to culminate and die its natural death in the Far East. If at one period the French were justified in saying there were "too many Allies," to-day we may say there are too many *ideas*. We know actually less what we have still to fight for to-day than we did in 1916 (the public, of course, did not then know of the Secret Treaties). It would be untrue to-day to allege that we are fighting for Belgium or for Alsace-Lorraine—the issue is far deeper: it concerns the whole Entente capitalistic state, the innate vanity of Empire, our

specific historical continuity. For the first two years of the war the conflict was defensive on our part, waged for a noble principle and confined strictly to territorial issues and the rights of nationalities. In the third year the issue became Imperialistic—group Imperialistic—but still confined to Europe—still, that is, a contest for power between formations of the Old World, one of which aimed at re-establishing a force-civilisation on the principle that war is the "father of all things," as was claimed for it by Heraclitus. With the advent of America into the war the issue took a new shape, or rather reverted to our British original shape; it became once more a war of defence for *principle*. Not the principle of the Old World or of any other nation or alliance in history, but of the New World. From the abstract principle of Right, for which purpose we went to war, our cause became with America's entry a positive principle of nationhood, became a world ethic. Now at this hour Japan is entering the war, and once more the position has become "obscure," to use the term of diplomacy.

In reality, it is not obscure at all; we return to balance values, to the fighting philosophy of 1914, to Imperialism. The fatal weakness of Alliances has begun to tell—there are too many ideas. The "old men" in the councils of the Allies having failed to precise their principles or document their objectives, a slip in the physical position has reacted upon the moral position or statesmanship with the usual resultant confusions, in accordance with the law of war—which law is eternal. It is that the sword can lose what the mind wins, and *vice versa*. If the statesmanship of war is weak or divided, the end results will be weak. If an Alliance cannot agree upon the root principle of its objective, it is unlikely to reach fulfilment. That is the true position. There is confusion because one of the physical factors has been eliminated, thereby exposing the weakness of our direction, with the consequences of yet another war and still more confusion, which may lead to the breakdown of our uniquely unassailable moral position. For let us not forget that if there is no morality in war, all war has its moral, and that the side that loses the moral initiative has only the physical to fall back upon.

When Russia collapsed as the inevitable result of revolution, which set free an illiterate people, or rather a congeries of peoples integrated only by the chains of autocratic force and superstition, the war changed its whole character not only militarily but morally: physically, because the main link in the armoured ring round the enemy was broken; morally, because unbound Russia inevitably drifted rapidly into that anarchy of idea which was itself the flame of the liberating movement. Morally, Russia ceased to have an interest in war because her interest automatically became that of the Russias. Freedom unbound the disharmonious configuration of Tsardom, and so Imperial unity no longer had a meaning. Under the principle of the revolution the parts disintegrated, the whole no longer had life or being. With the cry of self-determination the Russias reverted to the pre-Imperial conditions of inchoate Russia. Before the choice of peace or war the naturally unwarlike peasantry of the country chose the husbandry of the soil and the home which the Revolution gave to them. As only the Tsar, supported by the Church and the bureaucracy, had held the Russias together all these years, so Russia broke with the fall of the "little Father," and with him the spell of the Ikon. The moral interest of the Russias in anarchy became necessarily not that of war, but of peace. For the Tsar who represented the flag alone compelled unity, nationality, singleness of resolve. Russia has gone out of the war because it is no longer correct to speak of a Russia integrally or imperially. A new Russia has arisen, the Russia of her literature and of her long sorrow, and in Bolshevism she has found the natural psychological expression of her awakening in the travail of spiritual anarchy.

Her defection has broken down absolutely the old European balance of power. There is no balance of power of Europe to-day, for were it not for America the European war would, without a doubt, have ended in 1917. That is the root position in 1918. The elimination of Russian arms leaves Europe the cockpit of the Germanic *bloc versus*—the rest; it is incorrect to speak of a European war at this hour, for the moral and physical determinant is America. It is curious how little this obvious fact seems

to be realised, yet it is so. But for the support of America, the Allies could not hope to win to victory; it may be questioned whether they could even continue to fight. This condition has altered the whole issue of the struggle, and is the cause of Japanese intervention. Once more the issue has become imperialistic, a question of balance, unless America can reaffirm the moral values at stake and enforce their general acceptance. But it is not the old balance as Europe knew it in 1914. The balance of victory is to-day moral.

We see this confusion of thought in the extremely difficult position in which the negation of Russia has placed Japan. If she does not intervene, she runs the risk of finding the balance of power in the Far East dislocated in favour of the common enemy. It is a real danger, and Japan is an imperialist Power who conducts "real politics." What is she to do? We have not defined our moral objective. There is no complete mandate, yet if she enters Siberia, in all probability she will be forced to make war on the Russian Bolshevists, in which case we shall witness an Ally fighting against another Ally. We can claim that technically Russia has no accepted Government, has let us down, is out of the war, but we can never forget that Europe, and in particular the French, owe practically all to the efforts and unparalleled sacrifices of the Russian people, who alone saved us from disaster. It was the Russians who saved France in 1914–16. It was Russia, the colossus, who gave us time to arm in defence of France—that colossus seemingly so strong, yet in reality so weak in its internal structure and economy. What is to be the morality of this new expedition? How will it end? Where will it end? Is Japan to go to the Urals? If so, under what sanction? Under the banner of Democracy? Hardly. Under the cognisance of law and order? If so, what order—national or international? These are grave responsibilities. Japanese intervention will inevitably be resisted by the Russians, and may, if it is pressed, lead to a German-Russian Alliance. The issue there is capitalistic. Are we to witness the shooting of the poor liberated Russian idealist because, in the flush of his joy and emancipation, he is against the capitalist State? If so, then we had better

pack up in our kit-bags what dregs of Christianity we have left.

For all that, perhaps because of the confusion of a peace offensive which is constructive and a war offensive which is non-constructive, we may have a solution if only because the facts compel to definitions and things can hardly be worse than they are. This at least is reasonably clear. We either now make up our minds to end this war by force *for force*—that is, Imperially—or, seeking a new orientation, we state singly and finally our common objective on the lines of the New World idea, as promulgated by President Wilson. Obviously we cannot continue to call this a democratic war if Japan has to make war on the Russian proletariat. Obviously, too, even Ministers will find it difficult to accommodate the phrase, "freedom of the peoples," if, in place of the "knout," the freed Bolshevist, who saved our civilisation, is to be "re-liberated" by the Mikado. Not that Japan wants to annex or do other people's work. Japan has behaved with exemplary loyalty. But she cannot be expected to wait indefinitely for an Allied principle. She has not been treated very well; neither we nor the Americans allow Japanese settlers, and in point of example we with our treaties have pointed to the old rather than to the new way. In these circumstances nobody can blame her if, in the absence of clarity and morality on our part, Japan decides to act according to circumstance or coincidence in the manner approved of our fathers.

This question of Japan must assuredly prove the test not only of Allied statesmanship, but of our joint and several sincerity, because in an absolute sense it must decide the nature and issue of our policy. On the one hand, we have the extremists who would goad Japan into war, and these men reject Mr. Wilson's policy, which is supposed to be the principle for which democracy is fighting; on the other hand, we have the followers of the League of Nations idea, who see in Japanese intervention in Siberia not only the negation of democratic principle, but the frustation of Mr. Wilson's idea, and so a challenge to all their hopes. This is the paradox we have now reached. The man who controls is denied by his own Allies. We

thus find three distinctive forces at work: Democracy which has found expression in Russian anarchy; Imperialism as demonstrated by the German Emperor and re-demonstrated in our own secret treaties; Plutocracy, which again is tempered by the sweet reasonableness of the American President, who sends messages of love to the Soviets, who in turn make war on capital, and quite specifically the capitalist society of America. They may be summed up as the classes and the masses plus the new vision and the new idealism of Mr. Wilson, who would lead us into a New World.

Japan sees all this and wonders. She sees Democracy torn between the call of patriotism and human nature, now eager for the fray, now desirous to end it. She watches Imperialism trampling down the newborn Russian State, ruthless, still unbeaten, even catching fire with the momentum of its own dynamics. Curiously she notes the deft moves of Plutocracy, the immense power wielded in secret by that god triumphant in the name of Democracy. She listens to the new song of America to catch the reverberations from Europe, as discordant as the President's are harmonious. And Japan is uneasy. Is this the ultimate wisdom of Old Europe, she questions? Can they not even agree about principle after four years of war? Is this the lesson of the white man's civilisation; of Christianity; of European progress? And where, the Japanese philosopher inquires, is the sincerity? After all these beautiful phrases, is Europe after all to fight merely for power, for spoliation, for hate? If even Mr. Wilson's Allies, who need America, who would be doomed without her aid, cannot accept the President's policy, is Japan to, who does not depend on American assistance? Again, what is Democracy? Does Democracy mean anti-capitalism, or is the capitalist state really a Plutocracy? Who knows? Banzai! Would Napoleon himself understand such a situation?

Now one need not be in Parliament to understand that if American policy is a League of Nations and the Entente policy is something else the joint effect is disharmony where full concord should prevail. And this is the situa-

tion. Beyond asseverations of a "clean peace" or, as Mr. Henderson has described it, a "cynical and unclean peace," we cannot pretend to any knowledge of the Allies' attitude towards this vital question, though we have been told over and over again that the war is a democratic issue, and that the age of secret diplomacy is past. The militant pacifist may well ask: What is a clean peace? Or the war-weary soldier may want to know what is an "unclean peace." Again, why did M. Clemenceau and M. Pichon come over here and remain so mysteriously "unobserved" if the issue is democratic? For presumably the people are entitled to know not only why there is mystery, but what the motive of this mission was. Our Press said nothing. Secret diplomacy reigned supreme. What does this mean? Mr. George appealed at the City Temple for prayers, but how can we pray for him if we do not know what he is suffering from? How can we pray for him if he absolutely refuses to think?

Does Mr. George consider that the prospects of a League of Nations are increased by this Talleyrand-Metternichian secrecy when the whole point of America's policy is publicity and public sanction, without which there obviously can be no League of understanding, and consequently no progress? The question is legitimate in view of Mr. John Dillon's pronouncement on the subject in his maiden oration as leader of the Irish Nationalist fragment, for now we find Mr. Dillon publicly aligning himself with Mr. Wilson, and so internationalising the age-long Irish problem. Now here there would seem a real clue. The two loose ends, so to speak, in this world-war have been from the start Ireland and Japan: Ireland in relation to Britain and her co-relationship with America; Japan as the rising Eastern Power who hitherto has not been accorded that equality which she aspires to and has proved herself justified to demand. Ever since 1914 Ireland has been the weak place in our moral armoury, and the effects have been disastrous: in America, in Australia, in Canada, while the world has wondered at our lack of statesmanship. It is the same with Japan. She has been, as it were, an "extra" partner in the Alliance, yet Japan's interests are highly important, and the Japanese question is seriously com-

plicated by a large surplus population for which she has no room.

That is the Japanese case. She might, taking advantage of Europe's troubles, have sought a "place" in China, but Japan has moved quickly with the spirit of the times. She realises that land-grabbing is a discredited policy. She is keenly desirous to march in the van of civilisation, to show herself equal to the most enlightened thought of the age, and so patiently—indeed, astonishingly patiently—she has waited for some European Charter of rights, some new definition of Imperial morality, a mandate. But it has not come. On the contrary, Japan and America have not come to the agreement advertised in a censored Press, nor can it be said that America has treated Japan with the equality due to an Ally. And now the loose end in the Far East has taken her own decision, yet even as she moves Ireland leans towards the non-Imperialist idea and so redresses the balance. In this equipoise there is a real hope. It is for the Allies to gather up these two loose ends and knit them into a constructive whole in conformity with Mr. Wilson's international idea.

Perhaps I may be pardoned if I refer to the action taken by this REVIEW six months ago, when I went to Ireland to try to internationalise the loose end there, seeing that nationally the situation had become desperate through our lack of initiative and the utterly evil attitude of repression adopted by the Ulster minority. When together with a friend I started the idea of a Magna Charta, it was the Japanese who first showed intelligent readiness to acclaim it, and they were followed by one of the best minds in Ireland. But the usual suspicion, intrigue, and blarney intervened. Sinn Fein was induced to believe that we were emissaries of Mr. Lloyd George, while the police-Protestant-Ulster-Carson administration conceived the brilliant idea that we were German agents with Japanese gold. But I venture to think we did some good. We induced the English Press to take some notice of Ireland and the scandalous maladministration that led to the death of Ashe. We even gave the *Daily Mail* its cue, for at one time that

organ had at least four independent journalists and observers in Ireland—to study the situation. Yet nothing was done. Downing Street apparently possesses no thinking department. The Convention continued, blocked all the time by Ulster, and now Mr. John Dillon, in the *rôle* of leader, demands boldly an international finding.

Shortly we shall be told the results of the Convention, but Ireland is not hopeful, and everywhere men are pondering on the crisis that will inevitably arise should the Convention produce a still-born child, as is confidently and confidentially expected. What then? I fear that prayers will not avail, for we must make up our minds to expect a different kind of handling of Irish affairs now that Mr. John Dillon is in the chair, and less social amenities. The Irish question cannot now be left unsolved. Far more than people here realise the American attitude depends on a right solution of Ireland, and here neither any amount of censorship nor any expenditure on camouflage will help. Because the Irish question is root. It involves our Imperial sincerity, it is our test of civilisation. We cannot progress with the League of Nations until we do show this sincerity, which is really only common sense, and but for the confounded tricks of the politicians could long ago have been settled in a way satisfactory to all men. The issue is *sacrifice*, and unless we are willing to give proof of it we cannot get on with the moral direction of the war, which is to-day a world interest.

The Magna Charter scheme was a formula for the *immediate* formation of a League of Nations and the *immediate* setting up of Tribunals in the various countries to consider independently and collectively the manifold problems at issue, which total judgment would constitute the nearest human approach to civilised wisdom; and this judgment, when delivered, could either lay the foundations of similar Tribunals in the enemy countries, thus leading to an all-round constructive peace, or it would be used as a world-instrument of war, in which Japan, receiving world-sanction, would naturally co-operate at maximum strength,

and Ireland, receiving from the Tribunals practically the maximum of her demands, might reasonably be expected to join cause with the Allies for the common welfare of humanity. But the indispensable principle was *sacrifice*, which is precisely what no Government is disposed to make. It differed from all previous suggestions of a League of Nations in that it was immediate, was a weapon of peace or war, and preconditioned a readiness to obtain a new orientation, in the first place by sacrifice, and in the second by wisdom as distinct from the secrecy of political Governments, thereby constituting a Charter of international rights in the creation of which all nations would be invited to co-operate. I believe I am justified in saying that America is partially utilising the machinery of our scheme, but unfortunately not fully; and so while progress has undoubtedly been made with the idea of a League of Nations, little, if any, has yet been registered in the all-important matter of a beginning, with the result that the *Morning Post* ridicules Mr. Wilson's policy as merely a revival of the old Holy Roman Empire.

And so, even as the flowers bloom in the spring, the minds of men remain dormant. Nobody thinks. Our public men seem palsied. In Parliament every second member realises that Mr. George must be "knocked out" if we are to get on at all, but neither Front-bencher nor Back-bencher relishes the job. Our "kept" Press, to use Mr. Pringle's happy phrase, are like the tied public-houses of politics, and their beer all savours of the tap of Tallis's "entire." No one seems to care—those who are not fighting, that is. No matter what revolting waste of public monies is revealed by the Collins report, credit pays. "My dear, is that a 'duration' hat?" and the answer I overheard was even better. "No, darling, but these furs are duration." It is a *mot* of the time. But is Mr. George to be our "duration" Prime Minister? That is the question we ought to ask ourselves. Is Lord Rhondda, who nearly killed the pig industry as he killed beef, a duration? Is the shipbuilding muddle a duration job? Is Versailles, with its war on the League of Nations, duration? Is Ireland's Ulster oligarchy duration? Is Lord Beaverbrook

duration? Well, the miners and the engineers do not seem to think so, and that is about all we know about it.

The girl in the pretty hat was right; she had no intention to regard her "creation" as duration, for she clearly saw that the war was going on for years. In present conditions there is no reason why it should stop, as the country grows richer and richer on book-keeping, and in the big Government Hotels there are so many cooks that no man knows who is *chef*. A new war is beginning in the Far East, which may lead to literally anything except perhaps inconvenience to the Germans until, at any rate, the Urals are reached. Meanwhile, Mr. Wilson wages a dual war: physical against the enemy, spiritual against his Allies. Is the League of Nations also a duration phrase, or has it a constructive meaning? Who knows? Does anybody care? Does it finally matter how long the war goes on if credit can be saved? My answer is the Magna Charter. There the world has the means to define its principles and apply them; apply them so that the enemy must in his own despite accept them for his own constructive ends, or perforce be made to accept them as the judgment of living humanity.

Otherwise the war must go on, through this year, which admittedly is to be a "dud" fighting year, into next year, when the hope lies with the Americans. The trifling *exposé* issued after the visit of M. Clemenceau to London has enlightened nobody; we know as little why he came as we knew when he left. And this is how Democracy is bidden to "get itself a new world," to quote the Prime Minister—in secrecy, after the best model of Caucus politics. What is Mr. Wilson going to do? He controls. He alone can achieve victory. He is the only democratic statesman in power to-day. His opportunity is Japan, as ours is Ireland. These two loose ends are the pivots of our Allied cause. Knit them together by sacrifice and good will, and the Allies have a world affirmation of justice, a world ethic, and a world enthusiasm. But it is useless to talk Liberalism if our controlling forces are reactionary. Even positional warfare has become mobile with experi-

ence. Is thought alone to be stationary or duration? Is all mind to abdicate for the duration? Brains are cheaper than that lady's duration furs. Can we not salve a little of our reason and common sense? To put it bluntly, does any man think that the best minds we could get are governing the war? If so, then of course they are duration. If not, then some of us ought to do a little quiet thinking and see which set we prefer: Versailles or Washington, and consider whether this is the way to win the war or win to anything.

We have drifted into this truly awful muddle simply because our Government failed to assert its direction in the Allied Councils, which responsibility, as has been insisted upon again and again in this REVIEW, reverted to us automatically after the battle of the Somme when we saved France. But instead of assuming direction, we have always played second fiddle, and since M. Clemenceau came into power we have merely drummed ditto, M. Clemenceau's personality being far more vital and logical than that of Mr. George. Thus we have this paradoxical situation that France, who could not fight for an hour without us, controls our Government and so the Alliance, and, unless I am much mistaken, the recent French visit to this capital concerned the forcing of our policy regarding Japanese intervention. And so the weakest Power calls the tune, in which connection we actually have Parisian newspapers shouting for the return of the Tsar, chilled and countered by Mr. Wilson's message of hope to the Russian Soviets. This leads but to one solution. We must control the direction. We must find a man who can assert that control—for the duration.

£100 PRIZE

FOR AN ESSAY ON

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THROUGH the generosity of a donor who desires to remain anonymous, THE ENGLISH REVIEW offers a prize of £100 for an original essay on President Wilson's policy, a League of Nations, treated historically and humanly—human nature being what it is.

A distinguished jury will award the prize, which will be announced on July 1st, and the essay must not be shorter than 4,000 and not longer than 7,000 words, and must be written in English.

The object of the prize is, roughly, to search for an authoritative definition of Mr. Wilson's idea; the question of machinery, or technical procedure, is not relevant, much of this ground having been covered by existing institutions. Competitors should pay particular attention to history, its meaning and lessons, and bear in mind, as *leit motif* of the argument, that a League of Nations presupposes a new orientation of national and international morality—in a word, a new ethic which hitherto has been utterly lacking among the nations, and is to-day largely regarded as visionary.

At the present hour no man knows what a League of Nations exactly means, or can mean; some men interpret it as a giant Entente group whose business it will be to control and police the group generally known as "Central Europe"; others are frankly hostile, and so apparently are Governments. It will be, therefore, the task of competitors to define its basic principle and see whether the idea is practical and how it can be realised.

Obviously, human nature must be kept in the mind's eye. Not only Emperors and Kings, but Churches and

£100 PRIZE

Democracies have throughout history waged war, and always in the name of religion, and always in the name of justice. Nor must it be forgotten that war is by no means a German prerogative; nearly all historians have acclaimed war, from our own Lecky to the old chroniclers of the Crusades; all flags are symbols of the national fighting spirit, or, as the French say, "The more things change the more they remain the same."

The essay will have to seek new definitions, a new reason of State; above all, it should be constructive. It need not deal with the existing struggle unless as a moral or lesson from which humanity may be expected to learn, though probably most writers will have to consider not only secret diplomacy, but the whole methods of foreign politics. It is to be hoped that writers will exercise intellectual care in the use of the current catchwords of the day —thus, "crushing militarism," "war to end war"—and that they will precise what they mean by Democracy, Right, Freedom, exact definitions being of great importance.

Essays must be sent in not later than June 1st, must be typewritten, signed, and marked clearly "Competition," and addressed to the Editor, THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 19 Garrick Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. The Prize Essay will be published in the July number of the REVIEW, one month after which date copyright will be released to the author.

The following gentlemen have very kindly consented to act as judges with the Editor:

The Master of Balliol.
Lord Parmoor.
General Sir Ian Hamilton.
John Galsworthy.
H. G. Wells.
Professor C. W. C. Oman.

Books

BIOGRAPHY

SOME HAWARDEN LETTERS. Edited by LISLE MARCH-PHILLIPPS and BERTRAM CHRISTIAN. Nisbet. 15*s.* net.

It has become conventional to observe of a memoir-writer that he or she "enjoyed exceptional opportunities of intercourse with the leading persons of the time"; but there must be few of whom this could more truly be said than of her to whom the letters in this volume were written.

As her father's daughter and constant companion, Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew) knew practically everyone "worth knowing" in those strangely far-seeming years when politics, and the personal influence of politicians, meant so much more than they do to-day. Knowing them, she grappled them to herself with the chains of wide sympathy and a strong interest in every variety of action and development. These letters are the result. They are a selection from the correspondence addressed to Mrs. Drew during the period 1878–1913, and, inevitably from the position of the various writers, present what the publishers are justified in calling "a many-sided and intimate sketch of the period." The book is not one for consumption at a sitting (no collection of letters would indeed be bearable thus), but for leisurely tasting; one, moreover, of which quotation, impossible here, is the only adequate criticism.

Throughout you will be struck with the vivid portrait of the recipient that is reflected in the letters addressed to her, making one more regret the absence of those other letters of her own writing to which these are the questions or replies. Throughout also, that *esprit de famille*, which was so strongly marked a characteristic of the Hawarden circle, shows, not unpleasantly, in the appreciation of those admitted to it. Even to call the roll of these would overtax space; Ruskin, Burne-Jones, and George Wyndham are the most frequent writers. Of the

last especially, that many-hued and stimulating personality (a mediæval Florentine, someone has said, rather than a modern Englishman), the letters give us vividly attractive glimpses; not untouched, here and there, with the indiscretion that is the better part of reminiscence. A pleasant and most companionable book.

ARTHUR ECKERSLEY.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: A CENTENARY MEMORIAL. Edited for the Brontë Society by BUTLER WOOD. Fisher Unwin. 8*s*. 6*d*. net.

This volume, prepared by the Brontë Society to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of Charlotte Brontë's birth, is made up of "appreciations and other articles" by a large number of well-known writers. Naturally the interest that results is rather subjective than objective; suggesting a little, perhaps, those newspaper symposia to which the Distinguished used to contribute their views upon such problems as Personality after Death, or Are Holidays Beneficial? Apart, however, from a certain lack of cohesion inevitable to this plan (and from the fact that several of the articles are in reality lectures meant to be heard and not seen), the fact remains that the collection is one that no Brontë enthusiast should miss. If for nothing else, it would be valuable for the admirable record of the Society's work contributed by Mr. Herbert E. Wroot. The activities of this body extend now over a period of more than twenty-one years (an age, as Mr. Wroot rightly claims, almost patriarchal for such usually short-lived associations), and embrace much literary and topographical research, meetings, excursions, and the foundation of a museum at Haworth—though not, for economical and other reasons, in the Parsonage-house itself. (I am reminded that, many years ago, a Yorkshire antique dealer endeavoured, without success, to sell me the "authentic cradle of Charlotte Brontë"; it would interest me to learn what light, if any, the Society could throw upon the authenticity of this amiable relic.) In short, upon the shelf where stand the great stories, and a selection from the growing literature that surrounds them, this memorial certainly deserves an honourable place. A. E.

POETRY

LOOK! WE HAVE COME THROUGH. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.

Mr. Lawrence as a poet is a baffling personality because, though the spirit of poetry is exquisitely of him in expression, the blossom seems to be scentless—a thing sometimes quite annoyingly of prose. No doubt he belongs to the new school. The thought is lofty, intensely personal, and he carries high his own distaff, yet a lot of this cannot be pronounced poetry; in places one really wonders why Mr. Lawrence, with his sensitiveness and delicacy, did not read a little Shelley first before going to the publisher. Interesting all this is; more, it is a man's confession, the outpourings of a full heart working through a brain as subtle as a woman's, and now and then the poet reaches the heights. In his novels Mr. Lawrence writes poetry, but his poetry is essentially prose. One feels the wash of "Old Walt," which has so affected the young school; but Walt wrote of great rugged things in a great rugged country, and something of the unexplored vastness of his land lay in all his emanations. This is not the case with Lawrence as poet. And perhaps the reason is that as poet he is the philosopher, the self-analyst, and so he misses the essence of poetry—beauty. Examine this work, and that is the want. Beauty is not obtained. This lack immobilises the song, the rhythm, the inspiration. One feels that this ritual of confession should have been in prose etched out with those wonderful little touches to be found in Mr. Lawrence's novels; as poetry this has no divinity. It is intellectual. It is heroic. It grips and fascinates, but, to quote one of his last lines:

> "If you catch a whiff of violets from the darkness of the shadow of man
> It will be spring in the world."

If? A whiff of violets conveys a sense of beauty. Has Mr. Lawrence not considered that aspect?

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